

THE  
**ROTARIAN**  
*The Magazine of Service*



**Big Business-itis**

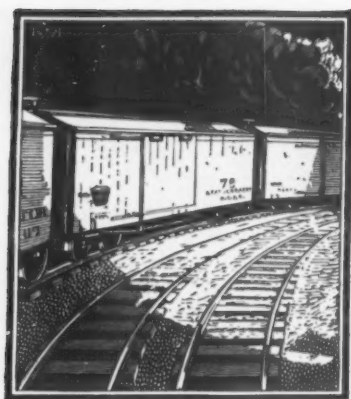
*By J. R. Sprague*

SEPTEMBER, 1925

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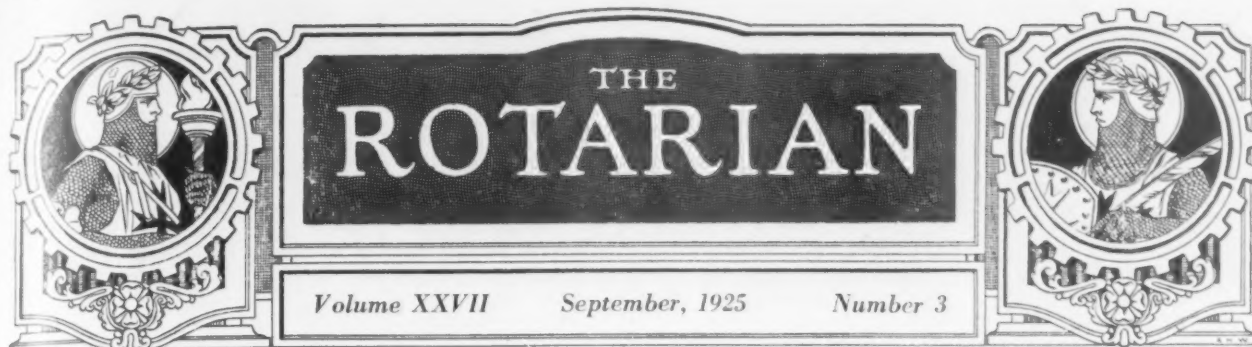
Read the advertisements. Read them regularly. To be informed on the newest and best in everything. To save hours of shopping. To make the family purse do a bigger, better job. To get goods of known quality at the most attractive price.

You would not plan a motor trip without first consulting road-maps and guide-books. Is it logical to plan a shopping trip without first consulting the advertisements? Read the advertisements. Then go to the stores with your mind more than half made up.

—o—

*A signed advertisement is,  
in effect, a sealed bond between you  
and the advertiser*





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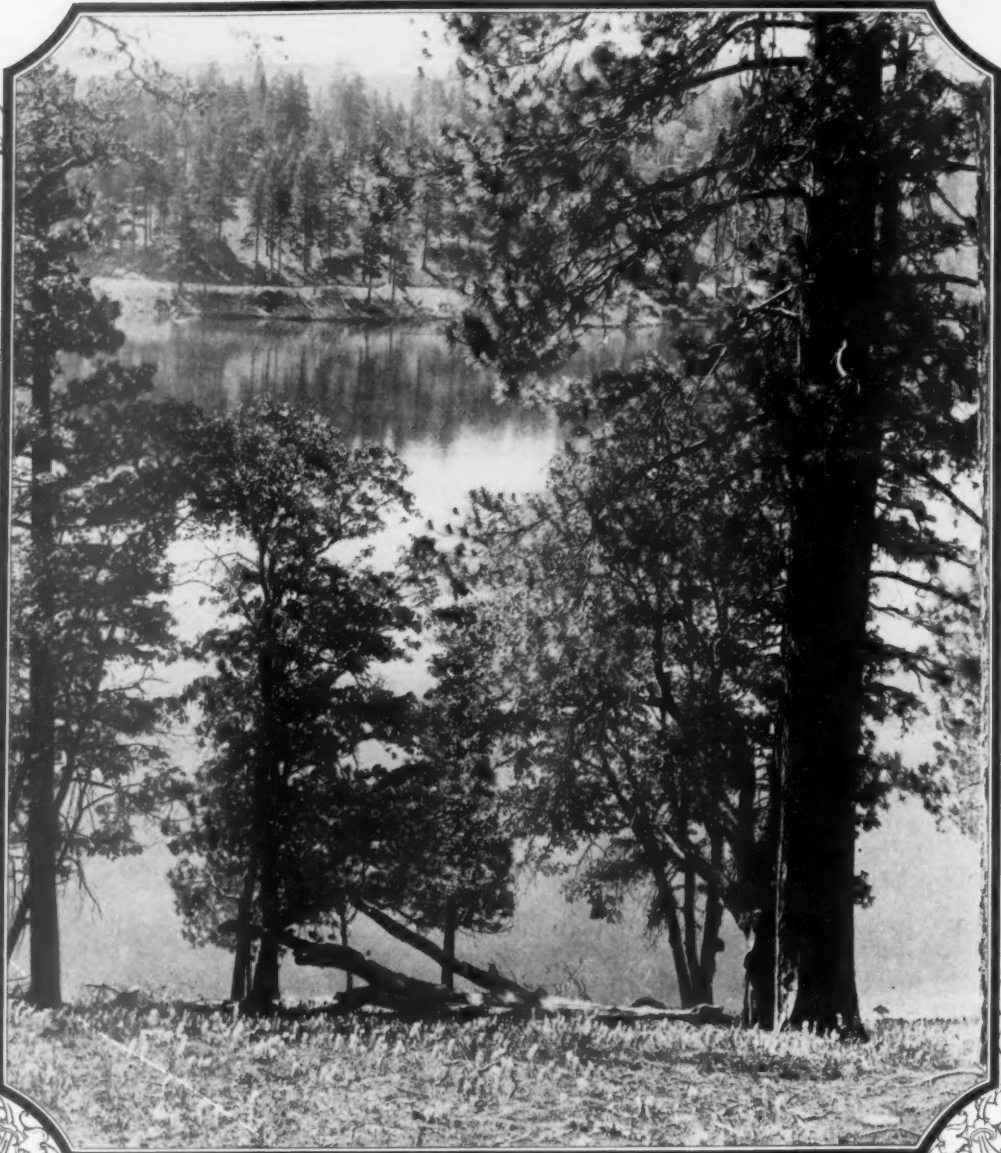
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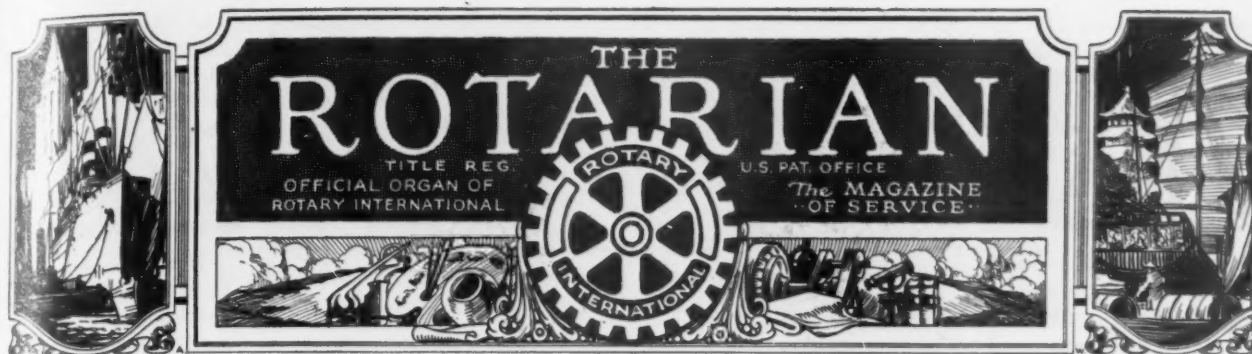
## THE PRAYER OF A ROTARIAN

By MARCO MORROW

I ASK the gods who mold the minds of men  
And shape their lives, that I may have two gifts—  
No more: I ask for Pride; I ask for Power.  
Oh, not the might and vanity of Kings  
That I may lord it for a little day;  
Nor yet the purse-proud power that comes with gold:  
But give, I pray, that power of brain and arm  
That I may do each day with joy the work  
I find at hand; and act with glad assent  
My little part in God's vast scheme of things,  
The Power to give the world more than I take.  
The Power to be a man!

Let me not be  
A mendicant at mankind's busy door,  
Beseeching alms, in heaven's name, my lords!  
(Oh, I have seen them in the market-place,  
Rich merchants clothed in purple, haggling there  
Over some taudry bauble with such greed  
They made the very beggars sick with scorn!)  
Let me not be a gorging bird o' prey  
That gluts upon the carrion of earth—  
The crafty man who waits disaster's blow  
And pounces on the hapless, hopeless one;  
Let me not be the high-born mendicant  
Who idly eats Life's bread and drinks Life's wine,  
All alms bestowed by Chance or Circumstance;  
Let me not be a beggar at Life's board,  
But give to me, O God, the power to serve  
My fellows and my age—the power to live—  
The power to work—co-laborer with Thee!  
And give me that honest pride which scorns  
To take more than my honest share—the pride  
To give my fellow man more than his due.





## *The Saving Grace of Heresy*

By CHARLES ST. JOHN

THE world owes much to its heretics. Prevalent ideas have a trick of crystallizing into institutions, laws, and real estate. They become sacrosanct and each new generation accepts them without much question as to whether or not they fulfill their original purpose—or any purpose. Then comes the heretic, and the white flame of his enthusiasm burns out the dross.

There are heretics in all lines of endeavor: literary, scientific, religious, political, and economic. Whatever their special form of attack may be, their service is essentially the same. They help us to preserve a healthy scepticism—to question whether the way in which we have always done things is, after all, the best.

It is the fear of any change—especially on the part of those who prefer complacency to thought—that is responsible for most of the heretic hunting. Fear is always unhealthy, and often brings in its train all the desperate resorts of persecution. Yet a very mild form of fear, the sort of disquiet which prevents us from becoming too self-satisfied, is an essential of progress.

The heretic teaches us to smile at ourselves—he saves us from the fixed and fatuous grin of the Pollyannic. He plants the barb of sarcasm squarely in the flank of the “sacred cow,” and in spite of ourselves we are often moved by the sheer audacity of the performance. Like some busy woodpecker he flits about institu-

tions in search of maggots—destructive yes, but constructive also. At times his zeal outruns his discretion—but there are adamant facts of life which no amount of heresy can dent.

HISTORY shows that the soap-box orator of today may be the statesman of tomorrow; the “crank” may become a millionaire and be immortalized in bad sculpture. Glance through the records and see how few of the great philosophies, great inventions, and great institutions, which gave humanity a new lease of life were originally received with thanks—or even with tolerance. We cannot deny liberty of thought, speech, or writing without risk to civilization.

Mankind has an unhappy trick of mistaking its postulates. Things are assumed to be sacred because they are established; to be venerable because they are old. Too often we have followed the line of least resistance and given our heretics a beating instead of a hearing. But whenever heresy is tinged with truth it cannot be crushed to earth. Whenever we make martyrs we do not destroy a good cause—often we but strengthen a bad one. The sole remedy of half-truths is more truth, just as the evils of democracy are best cured by more democracy.

Progress depends today, as it has always depended, upon the preservation of the open mind—the saving grace of heresy.





**W**HEN we elected Thaddeus Hammond president of the Rotary Club of Overton he delivered this bit of wisdom:

"The best executive is one who has sense enough to pick good men to do what he wants done, and self-restraint enough to keep from meddling with them while they do it!"

This indeed was the principle on which Thad Hammond based his succeeding very successful administration. The only time he ever vetoed any decision was when the directors rashly recommended a further splitting of the automobile classification, which was already split about as fine as human ingenuity could devise. It was therefore something of a surprise when one day he suddenly appeared before the membership committee as we were getting ready for our monthly session at club headquarters in the St. Agnes Hotel. We knew something important was on his mind when he told us he had run away from a board meeting of the Farmers' National Bank, of which institution he serves as president when not busy with Rotary activities.

"I've just completed the total ruin of a Big Business Man," he announced unexpectedly, "and now I've come to inveigle you boys into getting him into the Rotary Club if possible."

Fred Doyle, the chairman of the committee, remarked facetiously that he had always understood bankers were good at ruining business men, but it was a new wrinkle to bring them into a Rotary Club after they were ruined. Our president smiled blandly.

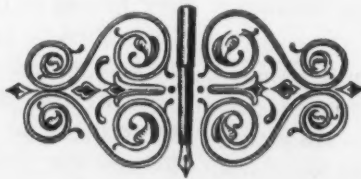


"You can't see Mr. Barton now. This is not his hour for receiving salesmen."

## Big Business-itis

By J. R. SPRAGUE

Illustrations by A. H. Winkler



"I understand you're going to open up the classification of Retail Hardware," he said, "on account of Henry Vardman's selling out his business. I've come to propose the name of Bennett Barton—you all know him I guess—young Ben Barton over on Trade Street."



Most of us committeemen knew Barton casually, but not especially favorably. He was felt to be an aloof sort of young man, not the kind one would choose for Rotary companionship. Yet if we put him on the ballot and it became known in the club that Thad Hammond had proposed him, he would be pretty sure of election. President Thad must have sensed what was in our minds.

"It is human nature," he said, "that when a person fusses a lot over something he always gets sort of fond of it, whether the object of his fussing be a dog, or a vegetable garden, or another human being. Well, I've been fussing a good deal over this young Ben Barton lately. If you boys will let me tell about it maybe you'll see why I would like to get him into the club. After you've heard me you can use your judgment about putting him on the ballot."

We agreed to listen. This is the story told by Thaddeus Hammond, ex-farmer, ex-country storekeeper, president of the Farmers' National Bank and likewise president of the Rotary Club of Overton:

This young Ben Barton I'm speaking about has been suffering from a malady that seems to be attacking a great many of the business men of the younger set nowadays—for want of a more scientific term I call it Big Business-itis. I think they catch it mainly from these achievement magazines that print articles by young philosophers in Greenwich Village, New York, telling how Mr. Amos Snodheimer rose in eight weeks from a clerk in a cigar store to millionaire owner of a chain of pawnshops through the power of an Idea.



The Idea, it will be observed, never has anything to do with regular work.

Anyhow, Ben Barton caught Big Business-itis in its most virulent form. He hadn't, you see, expected to be a retail storekeeper, aiming to be something more high toned; but two years ago when his father died he had to quit college and take hold of the small hardware business over on Trade Street to earn a living for his mother and two young sisters. On account of my old-time friendship with his father I saw quite a good deal of him, and for awhile he got along fine. He came in the bank every day with his deposits, always pleased as Punch when he could show me that he had beaten a record. It was not until a few months ago that he began to slip.

How does a banker know when a customer is slipping? Well, the symptoms are always about the same. Ben let a couple of drafts go back, sending word by the runner that he would mail a check to the firm that had made the draft. Once or twice he checked out more than he had in the bank and we had to remind him to send over some cash to balance his account. I guess you boys know how it goes. Finally I recalled that I hadn't seen Ben in the bank for some time and I spoke about it to one of the tellers, who replied that Ben was sending his deposits by his bookkeeper instead of coming himself. Thinking then it was time to have a heart-to-heart talk with him, I picked up the phone and called the Barton hardware store. Almost before I had time to ask to speak with Mr. Barton a kind of steely female voice shot back at me:

"Who is it speaking?"

I thought perhaps she hadn't heard me clearly and so I stated slowly and clearly that I wish to speak with Bennett Barton. But evidently she knew what she was doing the first time because her words came back still more crisply and with a rising accent:

"Your name please?"

I was a little hot under the collar by this time because we don't usually do business that way in Overton. It may be all right in big cities like New York and Chicago but even in those

places I have often thought it was overdone. I told the steely voiced young lady that my name was Julius Augustus Caesar, and banged up the phone.

I have seen many a good fellow go wrong from trying to act like a big business man when he wasn't one, and so when I had cooled down a little I made up my mind to go around to Ben's place. Accordingly, when the bank closed at three I put on my hat, took the little leather satchel that I use to carry papers home to work on at night, and started for the Barton



"Between them they started to get the stove out on to the sidewalk, when I saw a chance to add an artistic little touch to the proceedings."



hardware store. I hadn't been by the place for some time as my route home takes me in different direction, and so I was not prepared for the big new sign that I saw above the door:

BENNETT BARTON:

SERVICE: EFFICIENCY

It always irritates me to see these words misused, and perhaps I was not in the mellowest mood when I went in Ben's store. But if I was irritated outside, I was astonished inside. There were no customers present, but back of the counters, standing stiffly at attention were three persons whom I took at first to be undertakers, but who afterward turned out to be Ben's three clerks, all dressed alike in black cut-away suits and all wearing badges on their lapels on which appeared the word Service. The back end of the shop which in former years had been used as a storeroom was partitioned off and

a little flight of steps led up to a ground-glassed door on which was painted, "Mr. Barton, Private." Sensing that I would find Ben back there somewhere I made for this little flight of steps, but was suddenly held up from an unlooked-for quarter. I had not noticed that at the foot of the steps was a small telephone desk with a severe-looking young lady behind it. Evidently she sized me up by the little leather satchel I had in my hand, for she said in the same crisp voice I had heard over the telephone:

"You can't see Mr. Barton now. This is not his hour for receiving salesmen."

I told her I was not a salesman.

"That's what they all say," she answered cynically. I

thought of making a rush past her but she looked like a determined person who might have a hat pin concealed about herself somewhere, so I turned and walked out of the place past the three undertakers and to a cigar store just around the corner where I knew there was a telephone booth. Getting Ben's number I spoke over the wire in my best-assumed voice:

"This is Mr. Hammond. Will you please connect me with Mr. Bennett Barton's desk?"

I wasn't so clever as I thought.

(Continued on page 42)



Illustrations by  
Roy Fisher

## The Simple Mind

By MARTIN KNAPP

"His eyes were closed and the light shining on his face made its whiteness not quite real."

**J**UST what there was about the Sanders place which made it look so different from other farm houses I don't know. It wasn't simply that the house was much too narrow for its height, giving it a pinched, hollow-chested look. Nor could it have been because it stood back from the road behind a queer picket fence, with nothing around it but faded grass and three bony poplar trees. Those things might have made you notice it, but they wouldn't have given you that uneasy feeling every time you drove by.

It was a large place—gaunt, it seemed to me—whose once white paint had bleached to a melancholy gray not much different in shade from the peeling green of the trimmings. The

blinds were always closed and it looked like an empty shut-up house except for the twist of pale smoke which sifted out of the tall chimney. That thin, almost colorless smoke gave a cold, bloodless touch to the place; and yet it kept reminding you, all the while, that there was something alive behind those shut blinds. It got you to wondering what was behind them; to imagining what was inside.

It was along in April that we first came up here to build the new State road from Unionville over to New Woodstock. We hired an empty farm house to live in about five miles out of New Woodstock; built a good bunk house and cook shack, and had a very comfortable arrangement. While we were getting ready to begin work I had

to drive into town every day looking after materials and supplies, and that's how I came to pass the Sanders place so often. I noticed it the first time I went by and when I got to town I asked the station agent, Allen, who lived there.

"You mean Eph Sanders' place."

"Queer looking place," I said.

"Queer folks," he answered, and one eyebrow rose.

As we began unloading some parts for a steam shovel, I asked:

"What do you mean, 'queer'?"

An amber stream shot across the track, and he said:

"Queer!"

I caught a gleam in his eyes.

"Better keep away from there," he told me.

I started to ask why, but one of our

teams drove up just then and I forgot to.

Going home alone in the flivver that afternoon I couldn't help noticing the place again and wondering what Allen meant, and I resolved to make further inquiries. But getting a construction camp going and a gang of men at work doesn't leave much time for investigating the countryside and it was a week at least before I thought to ask any more questions. Then, one day, waiting for the mail to come in, I asked the old fellow who ran the postoffice—Hicks, I think his name was; anyway, his beard danced when he talked.

"Queer folks!" he grunted, and I thought his whiskers would shake off. A gleam came into his eye, too. "Richest man in this section Ephraim Sanders is. Ain't been a cent spent in the Sanders family fer over three generations."

"That's unusual these days."

"Thank the Lord fer that!"

"A bit close, eh?"

It became evident from the beard that the old man could not trust himself on this point. There followed an expressive silence.

"Awful religious man, Eph is," he observed at last. "Deacon in the church. Sometimes when you go by you kin hear him prayin' and it would most make yer hair stand on end."

"I know the kind."

"Oh, no you don't!" he hissed and his beard fairly spun around.

"Must be a nice sort of man," I laughed. "Any family?"

"Daughter," he told me, and added, "Workin' her to death just the way he did her Ma. Cheap labor!"

His beard quivered.

"You better keep away from there," he advised. "Guess you wouldn't care much fer Emily Sanders. She ain't much on looks, poor girl. Ain't never had a mite of chance. It's pretty pitiful, I tell you. Eph Sanders has a way of grindin' folks to pieces." His voice sank to a whisper. "It's my opinion he's ———" and he solemnly tapped his forehead.

That was the first I ever heard of Ephraim Sanders and his daughter Emily.

YOU know how it is, you get a little interested in a thing and then you see it every day and are busy and forget about it. That colorless smoke from the one tall chimney grew more familiar and perhaps I shouldn't ever have gotten behind those shut blinds if we hadn't needed some gravel.

"Ephraim Sanders's got a gravel pit," Allen told me, chuckling. "I guess you think you're a pretty hard-boiled contractor; try to buy some gravel off Ephraim." His eyebrow went up almost to the edge of his hair.

"Well," I admitted, "I ought to know what gravel's worth."

"Sure!" he said, "Sure!" and spat tobacco juice joyously.

So on my way home that day I stopped the flivver in front of the Sanders place and went around to the side of the house. It had a narrow side porch like a good many farm houses; and back of that appeared to be a woodshed. Further behind the house, and to the right, were two big barns joining at right angles. It was late in the afternoon of one of those April days when the sun glitters, and the wind is sharp as a knife. There were long shadows reaching out from the barns, for the sun was squinting over them as it went down.

I stepped up on the porch and knocked; and I suppose it was my imagination that made the house seem to echo. And there was another sound, a sort of sonorous murmur, that went on and on. I repeated the knock several times, but nothing happened so I went around to the back to see if there was another door. There didn't seem to be any, and I was just about to give it up as a bad job when someone came out of a black hole of barn door into the black points of shadow.

At first I thought the figure was a man. Two heavy milk pails swung like lead pendulums against a sagging skirt under a man's coat, shiny and faded green and held together at the neck with a great safety pin. A slouch hat almost covered the face, and there were big cumbersome boots shuffling along the ground. Carrying the heavy pails gave her a jerky, mechanical motion. As she came out of the shadow I saw a flat, rung out, slab of a girl with dead eyes and no shape at all. Why I didn't see more than that I can't tell, but I didn't.

"I'm looking for Mr. Sanders," I said. "Is he here?"

She looked at me, and I couldn't tell what was in her eyes. Fear came nearest to it, but that seemed foolish.

I waited for an answer and finally she said, "Yes," in a husky voice.

"I wonder if I could see him?"

The brim of the old hat went up and down.

As we walked toward the house, I remarked:

"Aren't those pails pretty heavy? Can't I help you?"

From under the hat brim her eyes looked up at me, large with surprise.

"Help—me?" she repeated in that same husky voice. "No, they ain't much."

A red wave seemed to bathe her neck above the green-black coat and wash up into her face.

We reached the porch and she had to put down one of the pails; and the knob of the door squeaked as she opened

it into a big room full of half light. It appeared to be a sort of kitchen-living room. I saw a cookstove and a table covered with slippery oilcloth. As I stood there looking around I became conscious again of that sonorous muttering; and for some reason I shivered, though I never feel the cold. Putting one of the pails on a chair and the other on the floor, the girl crossed over to a door on the far side of the room, opened it, and called:

"Pa!"

I COULD see quite clearly into that room beyond, for it was on the west side of the house where the setting sun streamed into it, and cut straight across a man's face half turned toward the window. I couldn't think of anything but a spotlight in a theatre. His eyes were closed and the light shining on his face made its whiteness not quite real. His hair, too, was very black, which emphasized the chalky look his face had. He was on his knees with his hands clasped above something square, a Bible probably—on a chair or table that I could just see the edge of. His face was all torn and twisted and his lips kept moving constantly. It was from them the muttering sound came.

It seemed quite a while that he was like that, kneeling there with his white face looking into the light, before the girl could break through and make him understand that I wanted to see him. Suddenly, what she was saying seemed to reach him and he sprang up clutching the Bible to him and slammed the door shut. Without a word the girl took up the pails again and, with her grotesque, jerky motion, went out into a back room. I had a strange feeling that she was peering at me through the crack of the door.

I stood there trying to look natural, but there was something about the place and the way these people acted and the girl's eyes which made you feel jumpy.

"Allen and old Hicks were right," I thought to myself. "This is no place for me."

After a moment Ephraim Sanders opened the door and came out. Of course, he looked more human standing on his two legs; but, still, I couldn't get over my first impression that there was something unreal about him. A tall thin man he was with a narrow face, pale eyes, and a slit about an inch long where his mouth ought to have been. His voice rubbed across my ears like sandpaper when he said:

"Wal?"

"McArdle's my name," I told him, "I'm superintendent for the Bonner Construction Company that's building this new road. We could use a little gravel building culverts. I heard you have a gravel pit."

A little green light flickered up in





"The door creaked as she shut it behind her and stood with her back to it."

each of his eyes, and one hand began stroking the back of the other gently.

"Calcalate I got the only gravel 'round here."

"It's all a matter of price. We can use crushed stone."

The green lights began to dance, and I saw just the tip of his tongue slide across his lips.

"Don't care much about sellin' that gravel," he said. "Calcalate I got use for it. Gravel's hard to get around here."

"Oh, all right. Just thought I'd find

out." I backed toward the door. Somehow I couldn't seem to get my eyes off those green lights.

"Don't be in a hurry," he said, and I suppose he thought what he did to his face was a smile. "I'd like to accommodate you."

"What price?"

"Wal, mebbe I might let you have some fer a dollar eighty-five a yard."

"But," I explained, "we'd draw it."

"A course."

"But that's more than it's worth delivered."

"Not 'round here."

"Anywhere."

I reached around behind me for the handle of the door. But I didn't leave just then. Every time I'd start to go he'd shade the price a little and I got so tired watching his eyes flicker that finally I agreed to take twelve hundred yards for a dollar ten. I was so glad to get outdoors that it wasn't till I got part way home that I came to realize that I'd paid too much for the stone. Of course, we did need a little, and somehow the way he kept talking made



you forget the price. I'm known as a pretty close buyer and it made me sore to think I'd paid too much; and for the life of me I couldn't figure out how I'd come to do it. There seemed to be something about Sanders that was hard to stand up against. It didn't make me feel any better to remember how the station agent had laughed when he said, "Sure" and spat tobacco juice.

I was so busy with the price of gravel that I didn't think about the girl until I got most home, and then, suddenly, I began to see her eyes looking up at me from under the brim of that old slouch hat. Those eyes bothered me; the brim of the hat kept getting in the way. There was something pleading behind those eyes. I felt awfully sorry for anyone who looked the way she did. I don't think I had any other

feeling than that, which shows that I got a mallet for a head.

APRIL checked out with an icy wind slashing at the rain; and then, in May, the sun commenced to feel warm on your back. It's funny what a difference the time of year makes to a place. I'd thought this was a stiff, brown-looking country until, all of a sudden, the woods feathered out green, like lace; the land began to smell friendly, and everywhere the hills rolled away into valleys filled with amber haze and a flash of water. There were lakes everywhere between the hills; and I said to myself, "Say, this is a mighty pretty place." You see, I'd never been up in the middle of New York State before and I had no idea what a beautiful place it was.

We began to get the work going, and, as usual, about the only trouble I had was in getting men. It seems as though every year it gets harder.

So far as I can see that's the only reason why I hired Dan Tompkins that day he dropped off the freight when it stopped for water over at Belina where we were hauling crushed stone for the road. That must have been the only reason why I hired

him, for he looked like a piece of chewed-up rubber hose. He was about twenty-two or three, I should say, at least six feet four inches tall, and didn't appear to have a bone in his body or a friend in the world. But I needed men badly and wasn't fussy. Anyway, I've been in the contractin' business quite a while and I know you can't tell much about a man by the way he looks outside. Apparently I hadn't learned that about women yet, but I had about men; though I will say Tompkins would have seemed like a poor bet to anybody.

I asked him what his name was and it took him so long to say "Daniel Tompkins" in a middle-west voice, that I'd done two or three things before he'd gotten it out.

"Where you from?" I asked him.

"Don't matter," he answered, and one of his arms flapped in a vague sort of gesture.

"What can you do?"

"Anything."

I never saw one of these fellows drop off the trucks of a freight train who didn't say he could do "anything."

"Drive a team?"

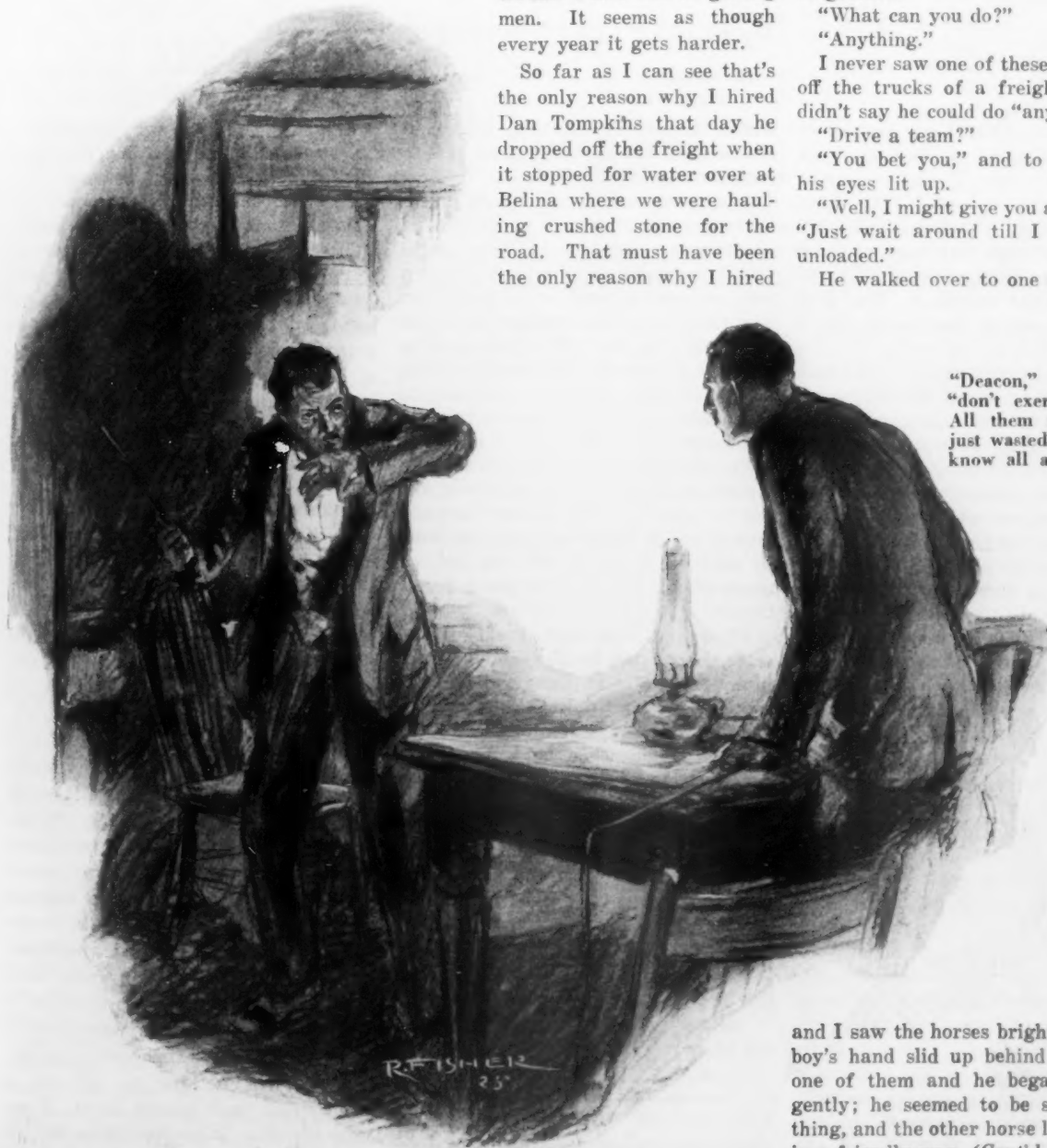
"You bet you," and to my surprise his eyes lit up.

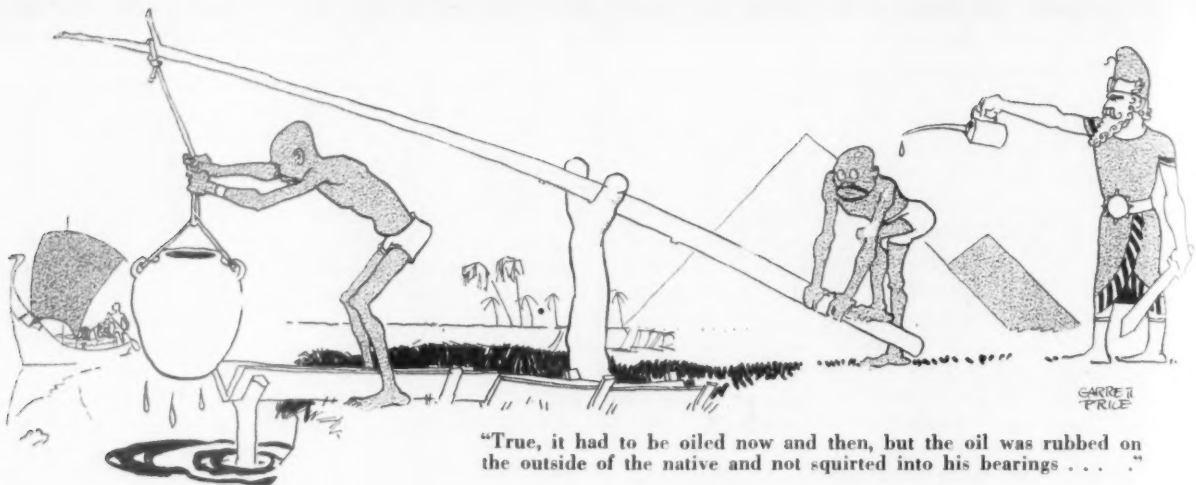
"Well, I might give you a try," I said. "Just wait around till I get this car unloaded."

He walked over to one of the teams

"Deacon," he says, "don't exert yourself. All them motions is just wasted on me. I know all about you."

and I saw the horses brighten up. The boy's hand slid up behind the ears of one of them and he began scratchin' gently; he seemed to be saying something, and the other horse looked at him in a friendly way. (Cont'd on page 49.)





## “Ain’t Got Time!”

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Illustrations by Garrett Price

**T**HE other day I was looking at the Rotary emblem—the cog wheel—and I had a great thought, one of the thoughts that only come to immensely brainy men and only when their high-powered brains are free from carbon and sparking on all eight cylinders. The first invention of modern machinery was a clock!

When this thought came to me I was so excited I went out on the back porch and yelled three times, because it is a tremendous thing to think of something no one else has ever thought of, but I am now passing the thought on to you, and anyone who feels sufficiently excited has my permission to go out on the back porch and yell any number of times from three to thirty, either in a low throaty tone like a bull frog or in a shrill piercing note like a cat

with a stepped-on tail. The first modern mechanical invention was one to record the passing of time!

And more than that. Every invention since then that is of utilitarian importance to mankind has been an invention intended to save time! First a man invented a machine to divide the day into hours and minutes and seconds—showing that there was such a thing as a second—and ever since then men have been inventing machines to save some of the seconds and minutes and hours.

For this discovery I expect to have my statue erected in the middle of the public square, and I have already picked out a handsome six-foot man to pose for it so it will not look as much like a tub as if I posed for it myself.

Of course, like most great discoverers, I may not be absolutely correct in my facts. Great discoverers are not supposed to be. Columbus, you'll remember, thought he had discovered the coast of India when he bumped into America, but his general attitude was correct—he knew he had discovered something that was worth shouting about, and I feel the same way.

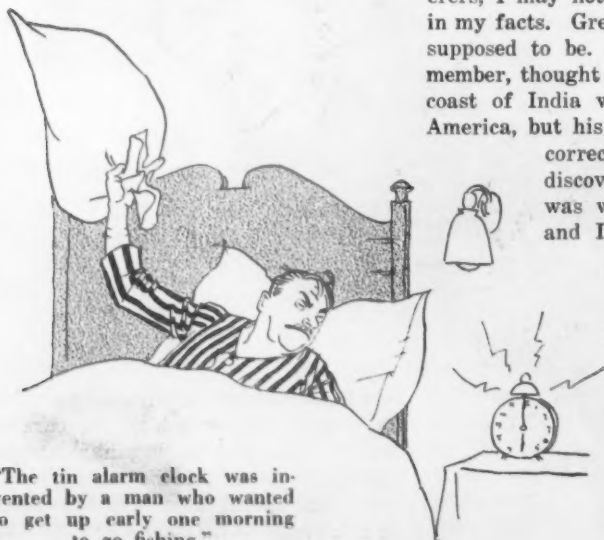
What I have discovered may not be true, but it is interesting. In its general essence it is true.

Away back in the year 4150 B. C., which was in the reign of King Tosorthros

of Egypt, 6,075 years ago, copper tools for workmen were first invented and the copper adz may be called a machine to save time if you want to look at it that way, it being much quicker to knock the rough edges off a limestone slab with a copper adz than to bite them off with the naked teeth; but to my notion a copper adz does not come strictly under the head of Machinery, not having many working parts and no cog wheels at all. I class the copper adz under Tools, with the knife and fork, hairpin and pipe-cleaner.

I don't deny, either, that along about that same time, in Egypt, somebody invented what might be called a machine. It was used to lift water from the Nile to the higher levels, where it ran through gutters and irrigated the land. In its general construction this was a long pole with a bucket on one end and a bare-skinned native on the other, but—strictly studied—it should probably be called an apparatus rather than a machine. Certainly it could not be wound up like a clock. It had no cog wheels. True, it had to be oiled now and then, but the oil was rubbed on the outside of the native and not squirted into his bearings as in proper machines, so I don't call it a machine.

Before the clock was invented there were some rough and rude attempts to measure time, but time wasn't worth much then and the time-measuring apparatus was nothing to get out a twenty-four page booklet about. There were sun-dials in ancient times, but the man who had an appointment to meet



"The tin alarm clock was invented by a man who wanted to get up early one morning to go fishing."

his wife at the corner of Pyramid Avenue and Sphinx Street at 3:30 P. M. and ran into a cloudy day was up against it. He could look at the sun-dial until he was blue in the face and he was no better off. There is a painting on the inner walls of the tomb of Thothmethes, with an inscription that was translated by the late Professor Xerxes J. Fliggis, that would make a Silurian wombat weep, and it is known that the Silurian wombat has no tear ducts at all. In fact it has no eyes. To be perfectly frank, there is no such animal.

At any rate this painting in the tomb of Thothmethes indicates that he was a wealthy gentleman in the cloak and suit business and it shows him coming home sometime along in what the intellectuals call the G. M. after quite some party at the Heliopolis Poker Club. He was, I am sorry to say, considerably lit up, and his track from the Club to his home looked like a map of the Mississippi River. That was before prohibition, of course.

Well, it seems that this man Thothmethes had promised his wife to be home by eleven o'clock P. M. and she had sat up waiting for him. For an hour or two she sat up reading the *Heliopolis Times*, and then she sat up a few more hours reading that interesting novel, *The Flapper of the Nile*, which was a picture of how the younger set was getting faster and faster every century, and when she had skipped Chapter XXV and finished the book she just sat up and waited, holding the rolling pin in her right hand and slowly opening and shutting her left hand with the motion of a tigress about to scalp something.

**"A** LONG about 4 G. M., when the night was at the darkest, Thothmethes opened his front gate carefully and took a look at the front of the house. He saw the light of an olive-oil cruse in the living-room window and he guessed that his wife was waiting up for him. He wondered vaguely what time it was and what he would tell his wife, and just then he remembered the sun-dial and he staggered up and took a look at it. It was jet dark and the sun-dial registered no minutes past nothing. And that is a thing you can't tell a wife who has been waiting up for you; she won't believe it. Any man knows better than to enter the house and say "M'dear, 'ts all ri"—'ts only no minutes past nothing." Thothmethes shook his head sadly and decided to sleep with the dog, out back of the house, that night, but just then the full moon came out from behind a cloud and shone full on the face of the sun-dial. To his surprise Thothmethes saw



"I took my bath every Saturday night in a tin tub shaped like a saucer, and the hot water came out of a tea kettle."

that the sun-dial registered exactly ten minutes past ten. Frankly, he was amazed. He thought he had spent more time than that at the Club, but he braced up and went into the house and said to his wife, "Now, not a word out of you—it's only ten minutes past ten, and you can go look at the sun-dial if you don't believe it."

They buried the rolling pin with him.

Later on, probably because of the increasing mortality among clubmen, the sun-dial was superseded by the clepsydra, a small glass vase by which the water dropping through a small hole in the bottom of the vase allowed the level of the water remaining in the vase to register the minutes engraved on the sides of the vase. This was better because it worked day and night, but when the water supply was shut off because last month's bill was not paid the calendar was shot all to pieces. A timepiece that registered midnight last Tuesday when it was four o'clock in the afternoon today, was not strictly reliable. Anyway, a timepiece that had to be filled with water every little while, like an automobile radiator or a wet battery, was not the best possible.

It was probably a man crossing the Desert of Sahara, who ran out of water and had to drink the contents of his timepiece, who invented the hour-glass with sand in it. He had plenty of sand right on the spot.

The hour-glass continued to be the popular timepiece for centuries, and it was not until the beginning of the up-and-coming modern era that Henry de Vick, a German, erected the first clock of which we have any record. That was in the fourteenth century, thirteen hundred and something, and he made the clock for Charles the Fifth of France. This was the old style clock with a weight and wheels, the pendulum clock not being invented until about four hundred years later, and the small tin alarm clock with the gong not coming along until roosters were no longer allowed to roost in bedrooms. The tin alarm clock was invented by a man who wanted to get up early one morning to go fishing. It was not called a Ford until much later when wheels were put on it. Watches were invented during the great year of the plague of rheumatism in Europe to relieve the suffering of rheumatic gentlemen who found it painful to carry grandfather-clocks to and from business. The first watches were shaped like cantaloupes and were of about the same size but noisier, sounding like hail on the bottom of a tin wash boiler when in action. It was not until much later that the watch was gagged and silenced and it is only recently that the modern thin watch has come into being, the latest improvement being a watch that is so thin that it can be lost be-



tween the pages of a pocket memorandum book.

By this it will be seen that while the clock was the first invented machine, and that while it was invented to record time, the progress of the improvements in time-telling machines has been in the direction of making it possible and then increasingly convenient for man to carry his time-teller with him, until at last there was invented the wrist watch which a man can buckle onto himself and take to bed with him, thus having his time machine with him day and night. From the savage who did not care much what century he was living in, we have progressed to the man who wanted to know what year it was and then to the man who wanted to know what day it was, to the men who counted the hours and thus down to the men who found that a minute was worth taking notice of, and so to Nurmi who can get a front-page double-column display ad absolutely free every time he clips a fifth of a second off a record.

WHAT this means is that with each succeeding year the minutes became better worth considering. And immediately men began inventing machines to save minutes. The printing press was invented to let men print twenty books in the time it took them to engross one by hand, and the press has been improved by new inventions until now ten thousand books can be made in the time it used to take to make one. Steamships rush across the seas to save time, and railway trains roar across continents to save time. The telephone carries messages with lightning speed to save minutes for us and the automobile saves us hours. As soon as man had invented a machine to show him what a minute was he began inventing machines to save minutes. He has been inventing machines to save minutes ever since.

I remember an old shoemaker who actually made shoes, although you may not think that is possible. Probably it

"If that machine had been invented I would not have given up golf for postage-stamp collecting as a vigorous exercise."

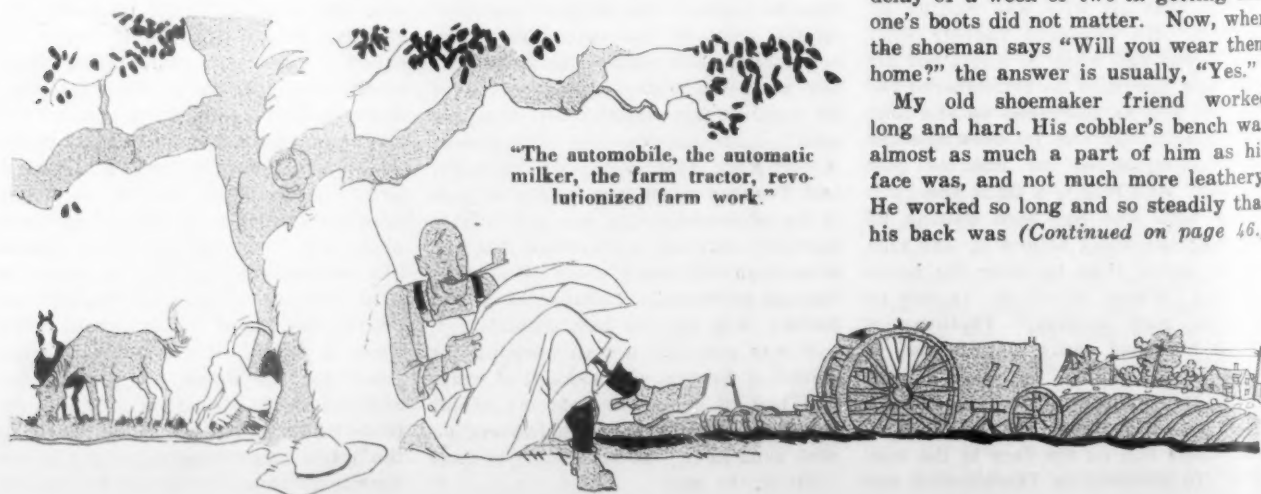


was back in 1877, when I was eight years old, because I remember I wore copper-toed boots with red tops. He did not make those boots, he bought them ready made and kept them in the original case, something like a coffin box sawed in two, and there they were, all helter-skelter. He would get up from his leather-seated bench and paw around in the box until he found a pair somewhere near your size. I used to stand and watch him by the hour as he made shoes and boots, placing the brown paper patterns marked "Herr Hentz" or "Herr Rogers," cutting around them with quick sure motions of his keen blade, putting the leather

to soak, stretching it over the personal lasts that represented the feet of Mr. Hentz or Mr. Rogers. You could study the progress of Mr. Hentz's corns and the growth of Mr. Rogers' bunions from year to year, if you wished, by taking note of the additional layers of leather the shoemaker pegged to the lasts of those gentlemen.

He made a good boot and charged a good price for it, but very few of his customers ever put on a pair of his boots and wore them as they came from the shop. Someone always "broke them in" first—some friend with a slightly smaller foot. Minutes were not counted as closely then as they are now; a delay of a week or two in getting into one's boots did not matter. Now, when the shoeman says "Will you wear them home?" the answer is usually, "Yes."

My old shoemaker friend worked long and hard. His cobbler's bench was almost as much a part of him as his face was, and not much more leathery. He worked so long and so steadily that his back was (Continued on page 46.)







Flowers, which he grows "just for fun" and by the acre, are the hobby of Claude W. Maxwell of Elkins, West Virginia. He says they make him happy to live in such a good world, amid so much beauty.

## A Hobby Steeplechase

By ARTHUR MELVILLE

THE dictionaries give two derivations for this intriguing word "hobby." Some ascribe it to "the easy ambling gait of a certain Irish breed of horse—hence some favorite occupation not followed for profit." Others say our name for pet pastimes is derived from the "hobby-horse" bestrode by one character in the Morris-dance—and so comes to mean a toy or a diversion.

Whichever side we take—or whether we use some definition of our own—there still remains an interesting parallel between the "riding" of our hobbies and a real steeplechase. We have all seen men whose first flush of enthusiasm set them spurring their hobbies so furiously that it was inevitable they should come a cropper over financial or other hurdles. We have seen men who made a gallant display and curvetted bravely at the start of their hobby—but came trailing ingloriously at the end of the field. These chaps think they need all the latest kit before they even know the rules of their game—but when they find that equipment is not skill they turn away from the amused gallery and go home to toss their sport stuff into the closet. A really satisfactory hobby is a develop-

ment not an ephemera, and the gradual mastery of anything adds to our pleasure in it.

Despite such catastrophes as these the great majority of hobby-riders finish their race. They may have changed mounts several times along the course, they may have experimented with tandem-driving and other circus tricks, but usually the hobby habit lasts till they reach the post. This persistence shows how hobbies develop our powers of concentration. Only a few riders will gain wealth or fame in this imaginary derby, but nearly all of them will finish with better health, more friends, and a tempered disposition which will have proved helpful in the other competitions of life.

No matter how absorbing our vocations may be, most of us can find sufficient leisure to indulge our fancies a bit. We can follow our bent for the sheer joy of the thing and be pretty sure of sympathy—probably of friendly rivalry as well—among our associates. Our hobby may be stamp collecting or it may be shooting big game, but somewhere in the walks of life we shall find busy men who are interested in one or both of these pastimes.

Take the golfer for instance—and

there are enough followers of the game to keep several industries busy. Wherever business men gather in any number you may be fairly sure that someone is either actually playing golf or telling astounding sagas about accurate putts and slashing drives. When the business man starts out on a long trip he need but take his trusty clubs along—and sooner or later they will be put to use.

If we prefer some other sport we might have to travel a bit farther for a match but competition would be forthcoming just the same. In any business or professional organization with a thousand members you may find exponents of anything from polo to pinochle. For example I glanced through the biographies of various well-known Rotarians and the first handful of papers showed hobbies that included curling, shooting, swimming, billiards, tennis, boating, and half a dozen other forms of athletics. Some Rotary clubs have their own baseball teams, and much good natured mirth enters into the games between the various service clubs. Sometimes there is some pretty good ball playing as well—although but a few clubs have been able to assemble first class teams. Apparently



Edwin Unwin, Jr., past president, Rotary Club of London, England, was known to frequenters of wartime "Y" huts as "the man with the red necktie." Few, however, were aware that "Ted" owned a collection of pipes comprising specimens from practically every country engaged in the struggle, and many other lands as well. At right—Luther Brewer's bookplate is the work of Sidney L. Smith, a leading Boston etcher. It includes the quotation which first aroused the collector's interest in Leigh Hunt memorabilia.

no Rotary club has yet organized a football team among its membership, yet that might happen for many Rotarians won college letters in the sport; many others, I found, afterward coached teams of their alma mater. The records show that at least one prominent Rotary official was Walter Camp's choice for a place on the mythical All-American team selected by sports writers from amongst the leading college players of the year.

One might cite other examples—such as that restaurateur who was formerly an ardent collector of trophies for roller-skating, tumbling, wrestling, boxing, weight tossing, sprinting, and distance running. But enough has been said to show how easy it is for the athletically inclined business man to form a wide range of congenial acquaintances. These friendships are in-

deed useful and pleasant, but there are other benefits in store for the hobby-rider.

Athletics give us physical and mental fitness as well as the thrill of competition. The health angle of hobbies, however, is by no means limited to athletics. Paul Harris, lawyer and founder of Rotary, spent his boyhood on a farm and is still keenly interested in the outdoor world. Probably few Chicagoans have so intimate a knowledge of the wonders of the Indiana sand dunes as he—and his general knowledge is supplemented by the more specialized observation required for hunting and fishing. Another Rotary leader, an ice

manufacturer, spent a few days of a busy year of administration in snaring tarpon, and a complete check of Rotary officials would show that many other executives are interested in the vitality-giving aspect of hobbies. If it were possible to compute the value of hobbies in cash, many a business and many a professional man would have to charge off a considerable sum to "stimulus to successful administration."

**VIGOROUS** action is only half of executive ability, however. We still have to reckon with prospective—and here the sedentary hobbies receive their due. Paul Harris does not only read the green and brown pages of Nature's circulating library; he studies philosophical and religious writing, and is especially fond of Dicken's works. Another Rotary bookworm, an insurance man, has a library of some 3,000 volumes in which to forage for ideas. Reading—or any other hobby that will give us a broader viewpoint adds much to that fund of common experience which is humanity's best form of insurance.

All that we can say for reading might be accentuated when mentioning music. At least one international president of Rotary—a manufacturer—was able to combine his art of telling a story and delivering a message with his skill as a songster. Once people are interested and pleased, it is much easier to get their cooperation, and music, whether vocal or instrumental, makes its appeal with swiftness and certainty.

Similarly dramatics, which like music demands not only cooperation between performers but between performers and audience, is bound to prove attractive to the hobbyists. So we have our Rotary plays, tableaux, and minstrel shows, some of which are produced by business men who are also members of Little Theatre societies or kindred organizations.

Then there is writing. I have found that many professional writers began to scribble for the fun of it and ultimately decided to spend all their time in getting ideas on paper. No matter whether we write for publication or just keep a diary tucked away in some corner of our desk, there is always the fascination of a well-turned phrase or pungent paragraph. If we should chance to write a diary like that which Pepys kept, posterity will be the gainer.

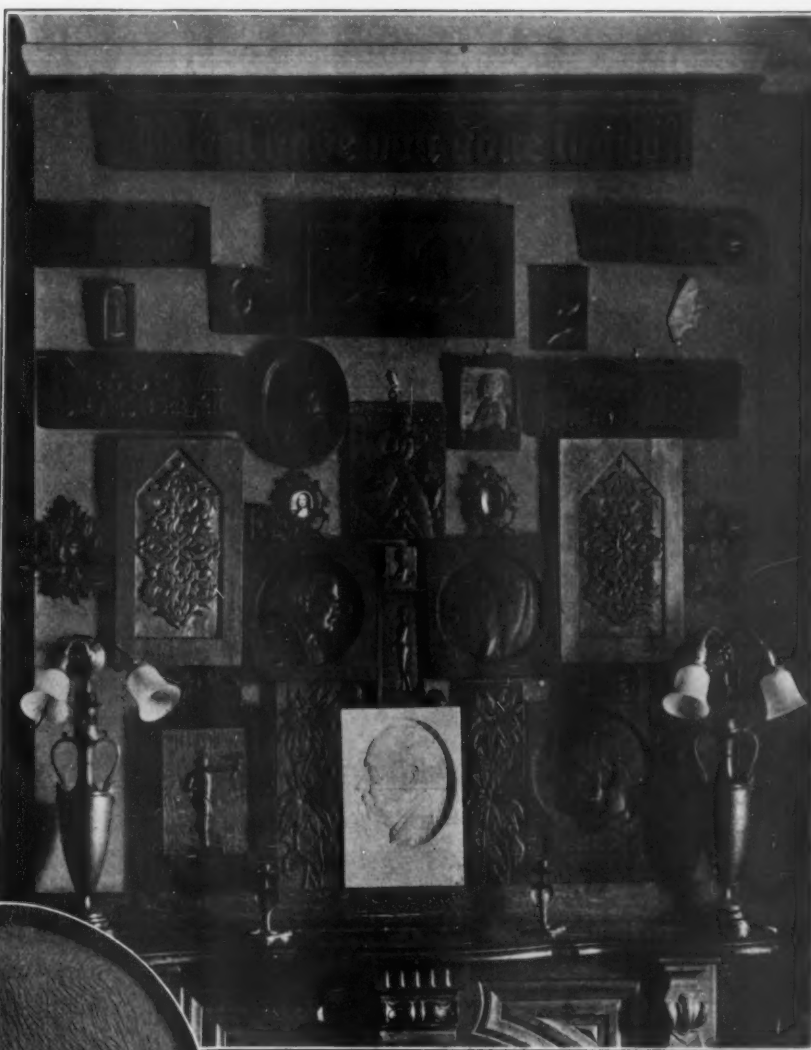


In any case, our contemporaries will benefit by our hobby; for though we may not be able to make our livelihood by our favorite occupation, we can perhaps make that occupation our hobby. The hobby mood affects all our work and play, and our daily business is usually a little better done because of our hobby. The writing of Rotarians who are not professional authors range from genealogies to alumni news in collegiate publications; from ten-line advertisements to scientific treatises.

Speaking of advertisements, reminds us that often a hobby may be developed to the point where it brings financial as well as other returns. Take the case of Jay Smith of Vincennes, Indiana, for instance. For twenty-five years Jay was a teacher—now he is the prosperous and happy owner of a unique business—that of raising queen bees for apiaries. From his twelve-acre bee farm the mails convey these queens to all sections of America.

Bees, in turn, suggest flowers, since the two are dependent on each other. Claude W. Maxwell of Elkins, West Virginia, grows acres of flowers. He is a country lawyer, and in his hobby he finds relief from the numerous tales of woe brought to him by those who want bills collected and those who can't meet the payments. Happy visitors are none too frequent in his office, Claude finds. So in order to forget his own and other peoples' troubles he took to raising flowers "just for fun." After some years of it he finds himself answering hundreds of appeals for advice on floriculture. His town has become a city of flowers, and they have an annual flower show. Claude is now working on a plan to have hardy plants and flowering shrubs at all points of vantage along the neighboring highways.

**O**UR hobbies help us to help others. It may be a more or less indirect contribution as in the instance just mentioned, or it may be a very personal service. In 1920, a business man of Windsor, Ontario, started the Boys' Booster Club for the newsboys and other under-privileged lads who were wasting a good deal of their leisure time in unprofitable pursuits. This club has now a weekly attendance of around 125 boys representing many creeds and nationalities. Other men have become interested and helped to



Many taps on the chisel were necessary before Harvey L. Spangler of St. John, New Brunswick, completed this array of carvings which includes landscapes and portraits as well as formal designs. At the left is a portrait of the carver executed by himself.

equip three rooms for the boys' meetings and games. Summer camping and other recreation now keeps the boys well occupied. A Cuban lawyer finds spare-time recreation in serving as assistant professor of letters at a normal school; a Texan has one of the largest men's Bible classes in his state; a man in Utah promotes Scout work; and the list might be continued indefinitely.

At the head of the list of those we most desire to help in the pursuance of hobbies will come the names of our own children. Because the manifold interests of youth make that essentially a hobbyistic period, there are few better bonds between the older and younger generation than a mutual interest in some hobby. To the eager mind of children the world is one long succession of discoveries—and the wise parent or guardian can capitalize this devouring interest to great advantage.

The experience of John H. Chase, playground superintendent of Youngstown, Ohio, could be duplicated in many homes. For some years John's hobby was astronomy—and though he has since developed an interest in gardening and such other earthly affairs, he still gives occasional lectures about the millions of stars and planets that we cannot see with the naked eye. Appropriately enough, his was an inherited hobby. His father used to point out various constellations to John as the two of them drove along the country roads. But John was forty-three before the reading of Serviss' popular books on astronomy reminded him of those night rides. Reading brought the desire for seeing, so John bought a telescope and persuaded the trustees of a private school to have the instrument mounted on the school roof.

From this observation post, with his daughter and a few young friends, he began to "shoot" stars. All of

(Continued on page 38)





ALBERT W. FELL, Harrisburg, Pa.



REES EDGAR TULLOSS, Springfield, Ohio.



EMSLIE NICHOLSON, Union, S. C.



W. D. WILLIAMS, Richmond, Ind.

## ROTARIANS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

ALBERT W. FELL, executive secretary of the newly formed Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers' Association, will soon open permanent headquarters of that organization at Harrisburg, Pa. New England publishers had tried to find printing problems he could not solve—had failed. REES EDGAR TULLOSS, Ph.D., LL.D., D.D., celebrated the fifth year of his presidency

of Wittenberg College by engineering a 90-day campaign for \$700,000 endowment. During his administration the Ohio institution has tripled its attendance, doubled its endowment, started on a group of new buildings. EMSLIE NICHOLSON surveyed Union, S. C., decided that his native city should have its own modern hospital, presented the city council with a deed. The

Wallace-Thomson Hospital is valued at \$80,000, and considered a model institution. W. D. WILLIAMS reached for his check-book, wrote. A bit of paper was transformed into the greatest individual donation to philanthropy in the history of Richmond, Ind. Riley Memorial Hospital officials consulted ledgers, saw \$8,000 already credited to Richmond Rotarians, made it \$33,000.



# Boys Work—Past, Present, and Future

*A summary of past endeavor and an outline of the program of the future—convention address*

By HART I. SEELY

**I** COME before you, who are the representatives of Rotary world wide; as it were, the ambassadors from thirty nations where the spirit of "Service Above Self" is organized; to again emphasize my pride in the fact that Rotarians and Rotary clubs have proven themselves as true leaders in their respective communities by directing the thought and guidance of the youth to the end that in the next generation it may be said that the foundation was well laid. And I come with the consciousness that the record of progress made is not entirely due to the leadership of the Boys Work Committee, but that the credit belongs to those Rotarians in the individual clubs who have actually "carried on" in their respective communities and to all those Rotarians who have had a part in the great cause of building better manhood.

So I pause to pay my tribute of praise to all who, by heart, hand, or mind, have enabled Rotary International to bring a little closer the day when the nations will be at peace because the boyhood has builded better than we, the elders of this day and generation.

I particularly wish to emphasize for the Boys Work Committee our appreciation of the work of Roger H. Motten, Assistant Secretary for Boys Work at Rotary Headquarters, and to William Lewis Butcher of New York City, whose constructive counsel and untiring efforts have contributed largely to whatever success has been attained.

Byron has well said:  
"Tis the cause makes all;  
Degraded or hallowed in its fall."

And the cause of boyhood, as we have interpreted it, not only in theory but in practice, has hallowed all of us and made us realize that life is worth living for the service that you put into it, rather than for the glory or the money you get out of it.

Rotary Boys Work has, this year, made real progress, constructive progress. Never before has Rotary so completely found itself in its proper relationship to the boy and Boys Work. There was a grave danger for a few years that we of Rotary would set up some separate, distinct community organization, but along came Resolution 34 of the St. Louis Convention and immediately thereafter your committee began to shape up a suggested program which would translate that luminous, human document into practical application.

I will not make a report to you today as to the progress made during the past year, for the report is included with the President's report, which has been printed for your study. But there are certain facts concerning the history of Rotary and the Boy, which, of necessity, must be emphasized to enable us to look into the future.

The programs of the last two years have been developed with the ideals of Resolution 34 always in mind and I want to give voice, here and now, to the statement that the Rotary clubs

which have adopted as their shibboleth the program suggested by the Boys Work Committee, will never be in any danger of doing anything that will be out of harmony with the true purpose of Rotary.

Those earlier years, when our enthusiasm for Boys Work made us forget the purpose for which Rotary was organized, are gone forever. However, those years were necessary years. The pioneers who labored for Boys Work, labored well. They had to feel their way through the many contending and divergent viewpoints. It was in the nature of the case that we had to go through that period, as it were, separating the wheat from the chaff, and the foundations laid by these forerunners in Rotary Boys Work, are the base and corner-stone on which we have built the superstructure of our present program.

The platform of Rotary Boys Work, as suggested by the International Committee during the last two years, and particularly during the year just ended, has been formulated on the principle of Rotarians finding their place in the community, not so much as Rotarians but as citizens and as individuals.

Interpreting and analyzing this principle, Rotary wants you to be good citizens, not simply because you are Rotarians, but because it is the highest possible application of service. Also to be good citizens is a labor of love and a real duty to the community, the nation, and the world.

Rotary must not brag, and Rotary should never use service as a vehicle of publicity in Boys Work or any other activity. Then out of the record of progress may come a consciousness of the contribution we have made to world boyhood, particularly in awakening the community to a realization of the fact that boys are the raw material from which the finished piece of manhood is made.

And so the underlying thought in Rotary

## The Four Factors

"THERE are four factors which enter into the life of the boy," says Hart Seely, former Boys Work chairman, now second vice-president, Rotary International, "the home, the church, the school, and the boy's spare time." It would be very interesting to know exactly how the average boy distributes his time amongst the four. Out of the multiplicity of agencies and associations that we have today come floods of more or less valuable statistics; and from this deluge of figures, in turn, come the few salient tabulations which give us some idea of what is actually happening in our community.

Comparisons with the life of previous generations are always more or less dangerous, first because our knowledge of those generations is far from perfect, and second because we are a bit apt to have our view blurred by the perspective of time—to imagine that things were much better than they actually were. Generalizations are equally dangerous though in a different way. Yet can we not safely say that the average boy of today has a more comfortable, more sanitary home, than his predecessor of the Colonial period? That the boy of today has more numerous and more efficient schools and churches? That the modern boy has more spare time and more inducement to use it profitably? If we cannot say so, then we are admitting that our civilization has failed—if we can say so there remains another important question.

And this is the question: "Does the modern boy show the effects of these advantages?" That is the vital interrogation which parents, educators, and civic officials must concern themselves with, the question which every good citizen must keep on the tip of his tongue. Unless it can be answered affirmatively a good deal of human effort is absolutely wasted. We are only preparing mansions which will never be occupied.

Boys Work has been propaganda; as it were, the arousing of the community to its duty in providing the proper educational, recreational and character-building agencies for boys.

Rotary has been the sponsor on many occasions. It has taken the message to society and the net result has been a greater interest in the existent Boys Work organizations, in the building of better schools, more spare time opportunities, more vocational opportunities and a healthier attitude on the part of fathers toward their own boys.

**M**AY I briefly analyze with you the Rotary International program as we have been broadcasting it during the past year; the foundation stones of which will doubtless be continued during the coming year. Let us take some concrete examples and illustrations in order that I may visualize before you Rotary's place in Boys Work and give you some conception of the romance and heroism of the men of Rotary in their contacts with boys.

We suggested that every Rotary club make a commonsense survey of the boy-life of the community, and when we used the term "commonsense" we had in mind the fact that the term "survey" was sometimes unfortunate because it gives you the idea of a piece of work that takes a long time and a corps of experts in order to accomplish it successfully. Such is not the case. In most towns and cities a survey can be made within a few days by a selected group of Rotarians.

The Boys Work Department of Rotary International, the Boys Work Committee and its advisors are always at your command with the necessary material to show you how to make this survey. One thing is certain; you have got to know your community; you must know something about the boy-power, something about what is being done and what is left undone before you can apply a remedy to the problem.

Where surveys have been made and the facts presented to the public during Boys' Week, the net result has been an awakened interest on the part of the community, with more support given by the community to desirable programs and organizations. Some communities make a survey of their own and we are not criticizing that except to say that your Boys Work Committee of Rotary International has given much thought and study to the survey. It does not desire to impress its ideas on you, but our tremendous correspondence, our contact around the world enable us to get the best from many minds and from many sources, and then to boil it down so that each Rotary club can benefit by the experience which we have gleaned from hundreds of cities.

There isn't a community in the whole

wide world that cannot profit by this survey.

Rotary has the measure of a high ideal. It is trying now and purposes in larger measure to present the problem to the community and let the community do the work. But before you do this, find out the needs of your particular community. Even as a man must know his business before he hangs out his sign; even as training must precede the conflict, so must a city or a town know its problem before it sets to work to apply a remedy.

The second plank in the Rotary Boys Work platform and program as sent out to you is: "To actively encourage and assist existing boys work agencies." This obviously does not mean to set up new agencies. The survey will determine whether or not these are necessary. Of course, local autonomy exists in every Rotary club, but Rotary, of itself, does not represent the entire community and while Rotarians should always do their part as citizens, it is better to get the community to do the work as a community and not as a Rotary club.

We believe that the so-called "Big Four" in Boys Work organizations have proved themselves and Rotary therefore endorses the program of the Boy Scouts, the Boys' Club, the Big Brothers and the Y. M. C. A. The local Rotary clubs should always see to it that these organizations carry out a non-sectarian program, as they do in the great majority of cases. Of course, there are other fine organizations in some local communities which are functioning splendidly but the four mentioned cover such a wide range and do such splendid work, both nationally and internationally, that any Rotary club is safe in recommending to the community that they be endorsed and supported.

It is interesting to study the record of these organizations. Rarely do you find a boy who comes under their influence who gets into trouble. The ratio would be about one in a thousand, whereas one out of every thirty boys who are outside the influence of these or similar organizations is apprehended by the authorities every year. This is sufficient evidence of the character-building qualities in these splendid spare-time programs.

Another plank in our platform is to promote acquaintance between Rotarians and the Boards of Education; to continue the "Back-to-School" campaign; to encourage vocational training as a fundamental part of the educational system; to urge each community to provide physical clinics in connection with the schools and spare-time agencies and to develop a community interest in school athletics.

There are four factors which enter

into the life of the boy; the home, the church, the school, and the boy's spare time. It is needless to emphasize the influence of the home, when it is the proper kind of home, so I believe we can pass over that because we are all agreed that the home is basic.

Like the home, the school is basic, and yet, how many of us take any real, definite interest in the school? We accept it as a matter of fact. Of the thousands within the hearing of my voice today, how many of you have visited the school in your community? How many of you have personally talked with the school teacher, encouraged her or discussed the problems of your own boys or girls? That is the reason we have emphasized to promote acquaintance between Rotarians, teachers and school authorities to the end that they may understand each other better. Too often, the school teacher is condemned because she doesn't have the viewpoint of the parents, and it often works the other way. The teacher must have the parent's viewpoint and the parent must have the teacher's viewpoint. Then they can work together constructively for the development of the proper program that will fit the boy or boys in which you are really interested.

Sometimes the school teacher is at fault; sometimes it is the parents. There is a dual responsibility. See to it, as Rotarians and as Rotary clubs, that you bring about a better esprit de corps between citizens and teachers.

**A**NOTHER part of our program is the "Back-to-School" campaign. Have you read pamphlet 28, or did you slip it into the pigeon-hole of your desk and forget all about it? The Boys Work Department has spent much time and research in compiling the facts concerning the "Back-to-School" campaign. "Back-to-School" doesn't mean that every boy should go back to school. There are some boys who are better off at work, but on the whole the continuance of the average boy's education is desirable.

We have also urged Rotary clubs and Rotarians to encourage vocational training. Too often, this is the day of the "blind-alley" job, the one-track job that crushes incentive, that discourages the boy and which develops the wrong attitude toward society. Wonderful progress has been made in this direction but there are still hundreds of communities in the country where boys want to learn a trade and cannot do so because the facilities have not been provided.

Furthermore, we urge each community to provide physical clinics. Wonderful progress has been made in this direction, but again, there are hun-

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# What Is the Function of Criticism?

*Must it be deliberately offensive in order to be effective?*

By "A. N. M.," in the Manchester Guardian

THE other day a friend gave me a copy of *The American Mercury* for November last, in order that I might read "The Shroud of Color," Mr. Countée Cullen, the negro poet. It is a very moving piece, which many of us will read with deep sympathy. It gathers "The cries of all dark people near and far" and, particularly, it expresses the protest of one who, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, is yet

as dirt

Beneath my brother's heel.

The presence of such a poem in this monthly review is some indication of its quality and enlightenment.

Having read it, one must read more, for this is not a periodical to be passed over lightly. It is edited by the formidable Mr. H. L. Mencken and by

Mr. George Jean Nathan, whose article on the theatre suggests that he is formidable, too. One begins to wonder whether American critics generally write like schoolmasters who have almost lost their tempers or whether this indignant contempt is the foible of the well-written and highly competent review. Here they don't mince matters, they are not respectful and polite to any kind of establishment; they have no use for old-fashioned courtesies. One wonders whether the determination to be drastic, to be ruthless, doesn't sometimes get in the way of truth.

The faltering critic is, doubtless, a pitiable spectacle, and if he can't make up his own mind he can hardly be an effectual guide to other people. He has two difficulties; he finds it hard to de-

cide what his opinion is and then he becomes too conscious of its fallibility. He may envy those who have no troubles of the sort, though, indeed, he may recall meeting writers who are tremendously confident in print and deprecating, hesitant, and considerate when you come to talk to them. Do such men lash themselves to this confidence of anger? Are they conscious that they must go for things baldheaded or not at all? Some critics are able to write best when they get their backs up. Reason and logic work underground, no doubt, but the world beholds an aspect of contemptuous fury. Of course the tone and character of criticism is affected by the vehicle of its expression; if you get among the cocksure you must either peg up to their level or appear lame and ineffective. An editor, if he be a real editor, sets the tone.

These considerations go beyond the particular instance, yet one's admiration for the *Mercury* is modified by

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Cartoon by Herbert Johnson and reproduced by courtesy of The Saturday Evening Post.

THE GIANT AND THE PYGMIES





# EDITORIAL COMMENT



## Vacations

EACH year the cartoonists and columnists find fresh material for agile pens as they note how the tired business man gets more tired during his vacation; how he wears himself out by strenuous play and finally returns to his office to get some rest. We grin appreciatively as we recognize that there is the necessary amount of truth in these caricatures to make them effective. But perhaps a few of us wonder if there is not also some truth in that old proverb "A change is as good as a rest."

If there is, we can have a vacation at any time, without waiting to strip more leaves from the calendar, or without even changing our occupations. All we need to do is to get a new slant on our work; to consider our efforts from a new angle. If we have been accustomed to think chiefly of how our work affects us personally we might consider how it affects our customers, our employees, or the general public.

Goldsmith penned an entertaining series of sketches in which he described the London of his day as he thought it might appear to a Chinese. We might entertain (and incidentally instruct) ourselves by imagining how we would explain—and justify—our business practices to citizens of other lands. For if humanity is ever to get a vacation from the long nightmare of international distrust we shall have to do more than justify ourselves to ourselves—we shall have to make the change—to earn the rest.

## Dust

EVERY once in a while the *blasé* headline reader gets a new thrill from the report of some terrific explosion which wrecked property, snuffed out lives, jarred a whole city. What caused all the havoc, dynamite? No, just dust. Just little particles of no apparent significance in themselves but powerful enough under certain conditions to wreck a fort.

Every once in a while perspiring mechanics laboriously take apart some vast and intricate engine. The great wheels will not revolve, the ingenious machinery will not perform its allotted tasks. This product of half a dozen master minds is stalled, and by what? Just dust. Just little fragments that had crept into the joints of the

monster, a collection of tiny atoms that a man might brush aside with his little finger.

Every once in a while we realize that there is a good deal of potential energy in little things, in ordinary things. It all depends where these seemingly insignificant materials are placed and how they are handled whether humanity will benefit by the result or not. For dust that causes explosions might also warm our homes, dust that halts machinery might go into the building of homes, dust that blinds us might be part of a beautiful statue. It all depends.

## Variety the Spice of Slogans

TRADE-MARKING a town has become so common a habit that the question of competition seems to be entering into the practice. Some towns and cities whose virtues have been compressed into a slogan discover that others have adopted the same formula. The wayfarer, hypothetically speaking, who might be exhorted to "Anchor in Akron" might be invited also to "Anchor in Ashtabula."

The secretary of the Huntington, West Virginia, Chamber of Commerce, taking cognizance of the confusion that has resulted, has suggested the establishment of a "slogan exchange" which would perform the same function as a registry division for trade-marks. Consequently the Organization Bureau of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States has agreed to act in that capacity and will inform cities, upon application, whether the slogan they have coined has already been thought of by another city.

## Thirteen Men

WITH only a month's notice, thirteen British business and professional men detached themselves from their offices and homes and traveled four thousand miles across sea and land. For what purpose? Merely to sit in Council for a week with other business and professional men to discuss how they all might better serve their respective communities and nations and the cause of humanity. Some powerful influence must have moved these men and their colleagues to cause them thus to assemble. The influence that did it was an ideal—the Rotary ideal of service.

## Overalls and—

SOMEONE has said that we are not dressed for work until we have put on a smile.



### Was It Worth the Cost?

Editor, THE ROTARIAN:

I was at the meeting of Rotary International in Cincinnati, Atlantic City, and now at Cleveland. The changes that have taken place have forced me to ask myself, was the last meeting worth while? I want to present the question to other Rotarians in order to get their reaction and their viewpoint.

Let me try to make clear what I mean by worth while. I must put it in the negative. I do not deny the need and necessity of an annual gathering; I do not find fault with a single address that was presented nor the splendid arrangements for taking care of the convention. And yet I feel that the cause of Rotary, as Rotary, was not served as well as it might be. To be worth while it must stress the basis of Rotary, *Fellowship*, and I doubt if this was done. A number of delegates with whom I discussed the question felt the lack of it. Let me go into particulars.

First,—the convention was too large and even the sectional meetings were overcrowded and rushed. Size is desirable but there is greater danger from size than from anything else. With more than two thousand voting delegates it was impossible to discuss any question from the floor, thus stifling that initiative and co-operation so essential for the best development. Even if a delegate had an opinion to express, he could not be heard unless he spoke into an amplifier. My point is best illustrated by the report of the Resolutions Committee. Nearly all the resolutions that were adopted were introduced by the Board of Directors of Rotary International and the few that were introduced by clubs or District Conferences were withdrawn in favor of a special resolution prepared by the committee. In other words, we are losing personal and club initiative; it is replaced by a centralization that can easily be perverted into autocratic rule.

Second—The convention cost \$48,500 of which \$28,500 was expense incurred by the committees on hotel, registration, entertainment, meeting places, decorations, transportation, automobiles, local publicity, reception, ladies hospitality, sports, and house of friendship. \$20,000 was spent for a pageant

of Rotary. Whether it was worth while to spend this amount for self-glorification is doubtful. There are so many finished artistic productions that would appeal to the aesthetic sense or arouse a feeling for the beautiful which might have been substituted, or else ways and means might have been devised by which a real fellowship of the mass of delegates and not only of the officers and notables, could have been realized.

Third—There was no fellowship except in a very limited degree. There was too much efficiency, efficiency going to seed. It was not a fellowship meeting, where personal contacts and broader acquaintanceship would further the principles of Rotary but a business meeting too big to do business on a democratic basis. There seemed to be an inner circle that tried to "pep up" things but this inner circle seems to have lost contact with the mass of the delegates. Initiative on the floor was impossible, whether it was due to the size of the gathering or the arrangements of the program makes little difference, the fact remains.

These are the reactions that I brought with me from the Cleveland convention and I naturally ask, "Was it worth while?" I ask the question because I am interested in Rotary and because I fear the danger that lies in our remarkable growth. We have reached that stage where few cities can accommodate us, but what is to be more regretted, we have reached the stage where our meetings no longer bring that fellowship which was our boast and without that fellowship our delegates cannot return to their clubs with enthusiasm raised to the nth degree. Might it not be well to discuss this question in THE ROTARIAN and at our club meetings? Is the time ripe for a change in representation to the annual International meetings? Is the time ripe for a smaller annual meeting and a large meeting every five years? Is it worth while for clubs to spend so much money sending delegates to an International meeting which costs an average of four dollars and sixty cents a person for the hospitable handling and entertainment of the delegates and visitors for one week? I am asking the questions because on the answer that the majority

of the delegates and the clubs may give depends the future of Rotary.

RABBI MARTIN ZIELONKA,  
El Paso, Texas.

### New Attendance Rule Needed

Editor, THE ROTARIAN:

The attendance rule has now been in force long enough to afford a clear idea of its justice—or injustice.

Let it be taken for granted that Rotary attendance is, first of all, a pleasure.

It should never bear down unfairly on a Rotarian, or become, as it is, in instance after instance, an impossibility.

Take a concrete instance: The Louisville Rotary Club meets on Thursdays. It frequently happens that I spend a large part of a week in Nashville, Knoxville and other cities.

Let us apply the present rule: I leave Louisville Monday night for, say, Nashville.

The Rotary club there meets Tuesday. I attend, but it doesn't help my attendance.

I run out to Lebanon. They meet on Wednesday. I attend. Still no credit. No other opportunity of attending a Rotary club. Come home Saturday, having missed my own club on Thursday. Result—my 100 per cent attendance is knocked sky-high.

It wouldn't be so bad if a rule could be established that would take care of such cases; make it easier and, therefore, a pleasure to keep one's attendance at 100 per cent.

A slight change in the wording of the rule would do it. Be fair to Rotary and to Rotarians. Simply strike out the present provision after the word "within," and substitute the clause shown below in italics. This would make the rule then read, as follows:

To obtain credit for a missed meeting at your own club, a Rotarian must attend a regular (or Inter-city) meeting of another club within *three week-days preceding or succeeding the day of the regular meeting of his own club at which he is absent.*

How this would work out is shown by the following table:

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# ROTARY CLUB ACTIVITIES

*HERE you can walk over to Main Street, drop in at the sign of the Rotary flag, get your guest's badge, and make yourself at Home! The fellows are always glad to see you and to learn what your club is doing, and while you bend elbows over the luncheon table they will tell you about the best club in the best town in the best country in the World.*

## How One Civic Committee Went Into Action

**H**ALIFAX, ENGLAND. — During February, 1923, a group of canny Yorkshire men met, discussed things that the civic committee of a Rotary club might do—ought to do—could do. After this and other meetings they presented suggestions to the club.

The club heard, applauded, adopted. If actions talked they wanted a resonant voice. Accordingly affairs developed as follows:

1. Town planning. When the Town Council offered a prize for the best suggestion as to what should be done about "Bull Green" a disorganized and disreputable section of Halifax, the Rotary civic committee thrashed out a comprehensive plan which was duly submitted—duly approved. The \$250 prize was used for a fund to send 200

school children on a three-day ramble round the exhibition at Wembley.

2. The Piece Hall. Instructive addresses on the historical and architectural value of this two-acre building helped to arouse public sentiment in favor of its restoration.

3. Clearing slum property. Whenever a city condemns slum property that property takes a sudden rise in value. Knowing this the committee appointed a sub-committee to see if a fund might not be raised so that when such property came into the market it might be quietly purchased by public-spirited men and then turned over to the town for use as park space after the buildings were demolished.

4. Education. It appeared that the university scholarships available were insufficient to cover the cost of a university career and many Halifax boys were therefore deprived of the oppor-

tunity for college education. Seven citizens agreed to give \$400 for three years, other gifts of \$500 and \$300 were promised.

5. Better Relations with Employees. A talk by an ex-Labourite (M. P.) gave opportunity for useful discussion on this point.

6. The City Beautiful. The committee advocated (a) interest in the erection and upkeep of all monuments; (b) improvement of all approaches to the center of the town; (c) more artistic signs, billboards, etc.; (d) limitations of obstruction in the streets; (e) preservation of historic places and punishment for acts of vandalism; (f) encouragement of artistic street decoration on public occasions; (g) public recognition of citizens who gave noteworthy service.

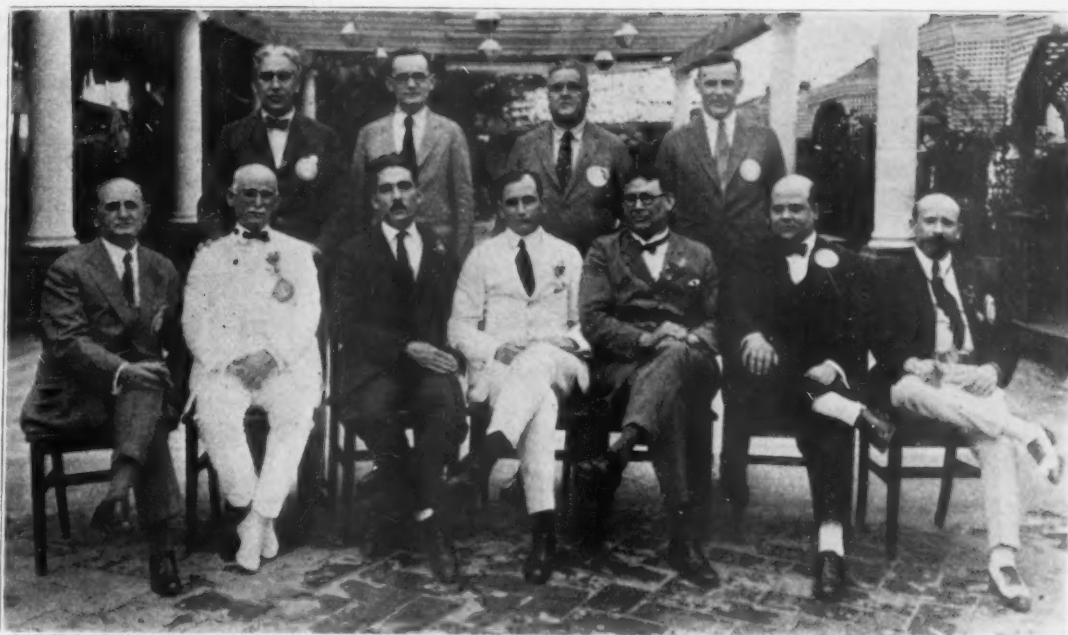
Cooperation with the Speakers' Committee proved very helpful. The Civic



General J. C. Smuts, C. H., former Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa, was the guest of honor at this meeting of Cape Town Rotary. The club president, Sir Carruthers Beattie, was in the chair and amongst the invited guests was Sir William Solomon, Acting Chief Justice. General Smuts stressed the need for "the spirit behind all service, the spirit of cheerfulness."



The new directors of Havana Rotary were recently elected. They are (left to right, seated) Julio Blanco Herrera, past president; Emilio Gomez, past president, now treasurer; Juan Marinello, vice-president; Adolfo R. Arellano, past president; Alberto Gonzales Shelton, president; Rene Acevedo, secretary; and Adolph H. Kates, director. Standing are (left to right) Eusebio L. Dardet, Henry E. Morris (now deceased), Sebastian Acosta, and Morris Schechter, directors.



Committee seized upon the principle that the topics discussed at Rotary gatherings should be definitely related to the policies of the club, that whenever a club project was under discussion representative speakers should be secured to present all sides of the case, contribute something germane.

Other work undertaken by Halifax Rotary includes practical support of good music and an effort to make the King's Roll for Disabled Soldiers something more than a nice title. In all undertakings the club has quietly dodged controversy, tried to get the facts, used encouragement and cooperation as much as possible, and put more faith in action than in resolutions.

### **Disciplined Traffic Or Discreet Tombstones?**

SHREVEPORT, LA.—Representatives of various Shreveport organizations gathered under the leadership of Rotarians, under the chaperonage of the press. Impressive arguments were presented, mortality tables were quoted, cooperation was invited. Enthusiasm kindled, glowed. As the result Shreveport will have a "No Traffic Law Violation Week"—the last week in August. Traffic police, ambulance surgeons, local judges, heard of the project, uttered praise. For at least one week Shreveport's traffic is expected to move like a cadet corps—it is thought results will induce many enlistments "for the duration and six months."

### **"A School For Adults" Professor Finds**

CAPE TOWN, S. A.—Sir John Adamson, lately the director of education in the Transvaal, was giving his views on Rotary. Sir Carruthers Beattie presided, many Rotarians listened atten-

tively. Said Sir John: "I should say that it is as well, at all events for those of us who are getting on, to keep mental ossification at as great a distance as possible. It was Plato who, about 2,500 years ago, developed this idea of education as a life-long business, and in this respect, and in one other respect, Rotary clubs are in line of direct descent from him; he never thought of education in any other way except in association with community welfare; he would not have understood our idea of any opposition between individual welfare and social welfare; the two were one to him.

"But Plato was shrewd enough to see that unless the individual developed vision and intelligence to the highest extent possible very little community welfare would be forthcoming, so he developed a scheme by which he kept them all at school until they became philosophers.

"Now that, of course, may be rather a dismal prospect for a Rotarian. But there is something in it, because by a splendid practical paradox what you give away in service you get back again in freedom. The real reward of the Rotarian seems to me the reward of an increased and expanded personality which comes to him by a sort of reflex wave from the service that he gives. This reflex value is double-edged. It gives a man freedom and power at the same time as it harnesses him to social service." (Loud applause.)

### **International President Makes Pertinent Comment**

CHICAGO, ILL.—During the recent gathering of Rotary executives, President Adams urged that business men should carry their movement for the suppression of crime into their own

dealings, putting everything on a truly ethical basis. The criminal, he said, took his cue from the success of unfair deals with men who did not resist, and became bolder whenever he got away with shady deals that involved presumably respectable citizens. Exaggeration in sales talk, fictitious on its face, deceived neither buyer nor seller but did make the elements of cheating a prevalent condition of marketing.

### **Buenos Aires Presents Flag to Pittsburgh**

PITTSBURGH, PA.—In April, 1922, the then infant Rotary Club of Buenos Aires acknowledged receipt of an American flag presented by Pittsburgh Rotary. On July 29th, Don Leon Fourvel Rigolleau appeared in Pittsburgh as the ambassador of Buenos Aires Rotary and presented the Pittsburgh colleagues with an Argentine flag. Now the blue and white horizontal stripes of the southern republic's emblem are seen at all meetings of Pittsburgh Rotary.

### **French Ambassador Attends LaFayette Anniversary**

LEXINGTON, KY.—About 150 years ago Daniel Boone and other pioneers halted on their way through the Western wilderness deciding that they had reached a good place to found a settlement. Before the little cluster of log buildings had been named, they heard of the Battle of Lexington, and accordingly the new settlement became Lexington, Ky. During the week of June 1st Lexington celebrated its sesquicentennial with a historical pageant at the University of Kentucky and a big street parade. During the same week,



These Mexicali, Mexico, school children carried their banners in the international parade which was a feature of the Boys' Week observance at Calexico, Cal. The two towns are separated only by the boundary fence where the Scout color guard and 350 American lads met the 400 Mexican boys and the Mexican band. After the parade there was a field meet where honors were about even—as they were in the speeches made by the mayors of the respective towns. Some of the signs translated: "Help Us!—The Boy of Today Is the man of Tomorrow—A Nation Cannot Be Greater Than Its Men—The Boy Is the World's Greatest Asset."

Lexington also celebrated the 100th anniversary of the Marquis de la Fayette and in honor of the latter event M. Emil Daeschner, Ambassador of France to the United States, came to the city to participate. Lexington Rotary had the privilege of entertaining the ambassador, and M. Daeschner was much interested in learning something of Rotary. In the street parade seven Rotarians attired in costumes of various lands mounted a float, showed the citizenry what a cosmopolitan organization had been formed since the days of coonskin caps and buckskin shirts.

#### Legion Convention Goes To Omaha This Fall

OMAHA, NEB.—Days of the 40 and 8, of "squads east and west" will be

vividly recalled when 100,000 members of the American Legion arrive in Omaha for their national convention, Oct. 5-9. A committee of 300 business men are helping the 5,000 members of the Omaha Post with the gigantic preparations. A Pullman city of 300 cars; a temporary telephone system to serve several thousand; three colossal parades, the Legion parade led by General Pershing and some 25 other combat generals, the electrical parade of the Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben (local Shrine) with floats bearing over 100,000 light bulbs, and the military parade of the Seventh Army Corps, are included in the plans for the entertainment of the crowds that will move along streets decorated at a cost of \$15,000. Horse-races for purses total-

ing \$150,000 and a pageant in which 3,000 men will participate are to be held at Ak-Sar-Ben field. At the end of the pageant there will be the pyrotechnic display planned for the Coolidge inauguration and when the 40-foot set piece showing an American bugler is touched off 1,000 buglers will sound "taps." Three thousand speakers will orate from 107 radio stations and other points so that the convention may receive due advance publicity. Omaha Rotarians are busy on the various committees that fill the county courthouse and all Rotarian Legionnaires are invited to register at Rotary headquarters 322 Brandeis Theater building, so that they may be assigned to homes of Omaha Rotarians for their sojourn. (Continued on page 30.)



Liberty House—the largest department store in the Pacific invited Honolulu Rotarians to lunch in the recreation hall. Ferd Lindeman, the manager, gave the invitation and his two daughters sang for the guests. Wallace R. Farrington, Governor of Hawaii, was the guest of honor at this luncheon.



# International Rotary "School"

*Five-day council meeting unqualified success*

By ROTARY OBSERVER

**F**OR some years it has been customary for the governors of Rotary districts to join the directors in an annual council meeting. This gathering is always held as soon as possible after the international convention, and has always been held in Chicago so as to facilitate contact with the secretary's office.

The council meeting this year was notable not only for increased attendance due to re-districting and the presence of nine district chairmen, and the general secretary of RIBI; but also for the number of items on the agenda and the additional time devoted to the task. Primarily the council meeting is devised to give the official family that clear comprehension and unity of purpose essential to the success of the program for the year. Its atmosphere is that of an executives' conference plus the enthusiasm of voluntary effort. The sessions were held on the roof garden of the Sisson Hotel so that those participating might have as much coolness and quiet as possible in the midst of a great city.

Altogether there were sufficient speeches made to fill some 125 large pages of printed record. There were talks by board members, by committee chairmen, by district governors, and by other officials. The "school" which was

set up to give district governors an illustration of how their work might be expedited, was efficiently planned and as efficiently conducted.

Neither the length nor the complexity of a talk is necessarily a good criterion of its merit, and a five-minute speech may be much more apropos than one lasting two hours. But for all-around usefulness the pertinent remarks of Marvin Goodwin concerning Rotary education, and those of Will Manier, Jr., who discussed Rotary extension, were two of the outstanding contributions to the proceedings.

It is impossible within the limits of this sketch to deal adequately with either of these speeches. However, it may be said in passing that Marvin Goodwin with the cooperation of the members of his committee, and of Vice-President Thomas Stephenson of RIBI, and the incentive furnished by Resolution No. 19 of the Cleveland convention, has evolved a comprehensive program which includes:

- (1) The club council.
- (2) The Rotary school.
- (3) Club administration.
- (4) The "Field of Rotary," formerly known as the charted program.

It is hoped that by this plan local board and committee members will find effective work to do and that Rotary

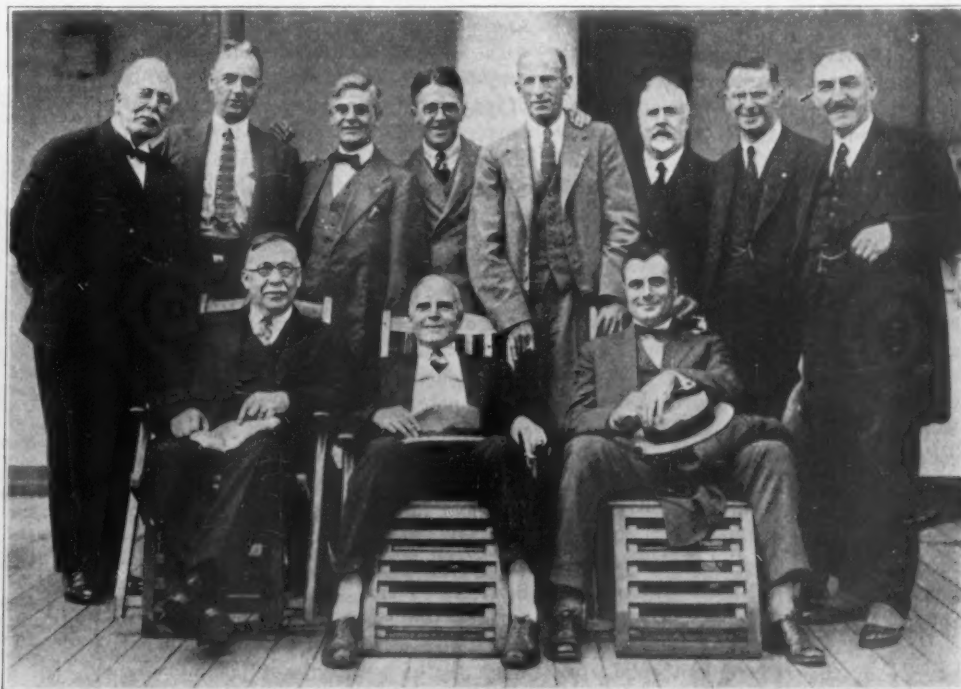
will make marked progress during the present year.

Will Manier pointed out to the assembly that the time was ripe for further extension of Rotary into the various countries as well as for the more intensive development of Rotary in those lands where it has already gained a foothold. He added that it was desirable that the conventions held in North America should become more truly international than ever through the more liberal use of speakers from overseas. At the same time he indicated that though such plans would necessarily mean an increased expenditure the benefits accruing to the whole organization would more than justify the outlay.

Rotary education and extension were but two of the main items in the long list of matters brought before the council. Finances, publications, boys work, the secretary's office and the branch offices overseas, the detail of administration, and a host of other matters were briefly reviewed till each governor realized (if he was not already well aware of it) that the period of office would leave little time for any but Rotary affairs.

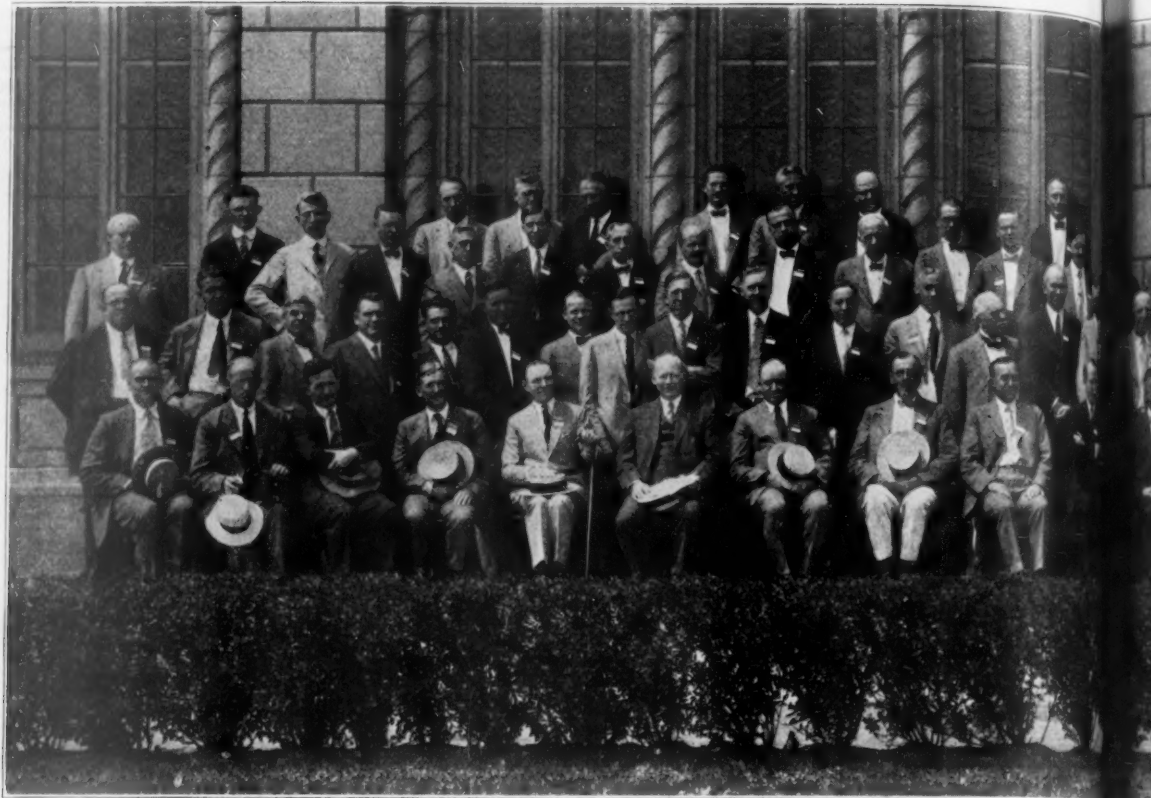
Despite the amount of business to be transacted the governors found a little time for pleasure. There was a trip

This photograph of the delegation of Rotarians from the British Isles on their way to the International Council Meeting in Chicago was taken on Board the "S.S." Samaria at Boston. From left to right, sitting — A. H. Marchant, Chairman of the Reception Committee of the Rotary Club of Boston; Vivian Carter, London, England, Secretary of Rotary International—Association for Great Britain and Ireland; and George Wood, Vice-President of the Boston club. Standing, left to right—John Leadbitter, Newcastle, England; Bert Galliers, Brighton, England; S. F. James, Ilkeston, England; G. C. Bensusan-Butt, Colchester, England; Walter Malcolm, Belfast, Ireland; Frederick F. Vincent, Oxford, England; T. J. Rees, Swansea, Wales, and Dr. Alfred E. Ikin, Blackpool, England.





The International Council, which includes District Governors, Committee Chairmen, and the Board of Directors of Rotary International, met in Chicago August 3rd to 6th. High Rotary officials in this group came from many parts of the world.



through the secretary's office, there was entertainment by Chicago Rotary, there were a few songs between sessions, and much incidental goodfellowship. International President Don Adams presided skilfully over the council, Secretary Ches Perry bustled in and out with sheaves of papers, "Sergeant-at-Arms" George Harris<sup>®</sup> gently shooed lingering members into the sessions, and bit by bit the long list of things to be debated was changed to a longer list of things to be remembered.

ON each of the little tables marshalled into a one large rectangle was a mass of documents, substantial binders, scratch pads, and all the other raw material for a conference. Chairs slid smoothly on the polished floor as someone wedged his way through the ranks to deliver a message or perform an errand. Every once in a while one of the numerous doors would fly open, the draught would scatter cigar ashes and stir the artificial flowers into closer semblance of reality. Costumes were, for the most part, informal. White flannels contrasted with the sober hues of lounge suits or the billowy coolness of Palm Beach cloth. Cat-footed waiters distributed glasses of ice-water, and the slight tinkling seemed a distant echo of the president's gong that rang out its warning from time to time.

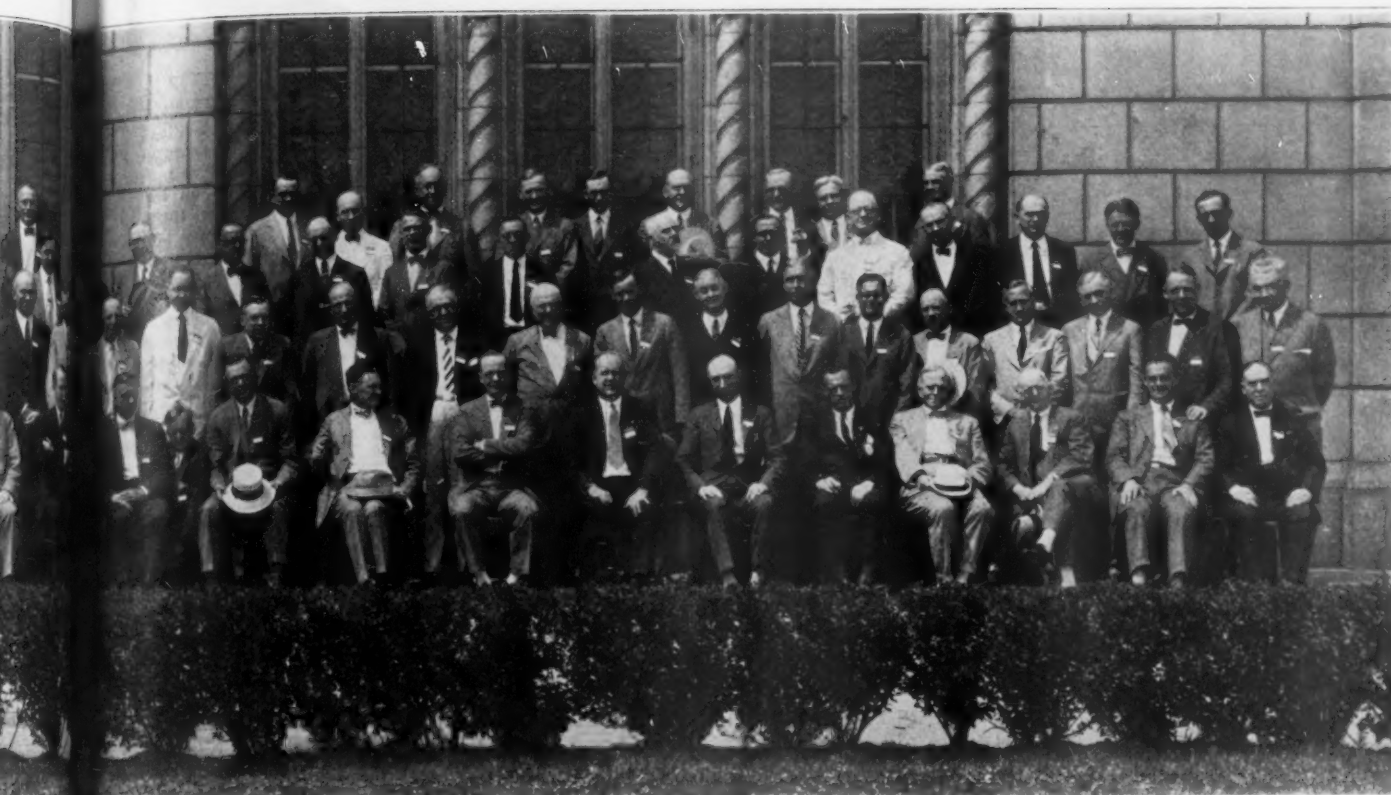
Every once in a while someone arose at one of the rectangle of placarded

tables, shot out a few incisive sentences, and sat down. Occasionally there was a spatter of applause, occasionally a resonant "Hear, hear" from the British delegation, but for the most part the procedure was deliberative rather than enthusiastic. The Southern drawl, the Western burr, and the down-East twang, contrasted with the clipped inflection of the English or the rolling R's of the Scotch. Now and again the liquid accents of other overseas visitors dealt gently with the Anglo-Saxon speech. Secretaries armed with bulging brief-cases dodged the copy-boy who was carrying off yards of paper ribbons released by the reporters. In other rooms, typewriters clicked busily as speeches and motions were translated from hieroglyphics into readable manuscript, this in turn to be the cause for more finger-play on linotype keyboards.

During the brief recesses the members of the council might stroll out on the veranda and perceive the busy city half-hidden in smoke and lake mist, might note the gaunt derricks juggling material for the new outer lake drive. But soon the governors turned back for new deliberation, new inspiration if one may judge from the numerous appreciative comments at the closing session. Now they will return to their districts to try and carry to all Rotarians the same inspiration—the inspiration that comes of doing personal work in the name of service.

#### Who's Who—In the Picture First Row—Left to Right

- H. J. Galliers, Brighton, England, Chairman, RIBI District No. 12.
- Walter Malcolm, Belfast, Ireland, Chairman, RIBI District No. 15.
- C. Hamilton Moses, Little Rock, Arkansas, Governor, District 16.
- Crawford C. McCullough, Fort William, Ont., Past International President.
- Arch C. Klumpli, Cleveland, Ohio, Past International President.
- Chesley R. Perry, Chicago, Ill., Secretary, Rotary International.
- Harry H. Rogers, San Antonio, Texas, Director, Rotary International.
- A. F. Graves, Brighton, England, Director, Rotary International.
- Charles J. Burchell, Halifax, N. S., Canada, Third Vice-President, Rotary International.
- Arthur H. Sapp, Huntington, Indiana, First Vice-President, Rotary International.
- Donald A. Adams, New Haven, Conn., President, Rotary International.
- George W. Harris, Washington, D. C., Sergeant-at-Arms.
- Hart I. Seely, Waverly, N. Y., Second Vice-President, Rotary International.
- Carl L. Faust, Jackson, Miss., Director, Rotary International.
- Harry S. Fish, Sayre, Pennsylvania, Director, Rotary International.
- Everett W. Hill, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, Immediate Past President and Director, Rotary International.
- Thomas Stephenson, Edinburgh, Scotland, Member Classification Committee, Rotary International.
- Jurrien Van Dillen, The Hague, Holland, Member, Extension Committee, Rotary International.
- Vivian Carter, London, England, Secretary, Rotary International — Great Britain and Ireland.
- Arthur Chadwick, London, England, Chairman, RIBI District No. 13.
- D. Alphonse McNamany, Sherbrooke, Quebec, Member, Canadian Advisory Committee, Rotary International.



Howard M. Murchie, St. Stephen, New Brunswick, Member, Canadian Advisory Committee, Rotary International.

#### Second Row—Left to Right

Paul Rankin, Chicago, Illinois, First Assistant Secretary, Rotary Headquarters.  
 Harry F. Kelly, Ottawa, Illinois, Governor, District 40.  
 Sidney F. James, Ilkeston, England, Chairman, RIBI District No. 7.  
 John B. Orr, Miami, Florida, Governor, District 39.  
 Benjamin Sherwood, Bedford, Indiana, Governor, District 20.  
 Allen Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, Chairman, Convention Committee, Rotary International.  
 Harry H. Williams, Brockton, Mass., Governor, District 31.  
 Lee C. Rasey, Appleton, Wisconsin, Governor, District 10.  
 Fred Kent, Asheville, North Carolina, Governor, District 38.  
 James A. Garrity, Yonkers, New York, Governor, District 29.  
 Edward A. Silberstein, Duluth, Minnesota, Governor, District 9.  
 William R. Vendall, London, Ontario, Canada, Governor, District 23.  
 J. Leadbitter, Newcastle, England, Chairman, RIBI District No. 3.  
 George O. Relf, Salt Lake City, Utah, Chairman, Business Methods Committee, Rotary International.  
 S. Kendrick Guernsey, Orlando, Florida, Chairman, Boys Work Committee.  
 E. Marvin Goodwin, Clinton, Missouri, Chairman, Education Committee, Rotary International.  
 Will R. Manier, Jr., Nashville, Tennessee, Chairman, Extension Committee, Rotary International.  
 John T. Symes, Lockport, New York, Member, Classification Committee, Rotary International.  
 John Lyman Trumbull, Vancouver, B. C., Acting Chairman, Canadian Advisory Committee, Rotary International.  
 J. S. Royer, Quebec, Canada, Governor, District 28.  
 Ezra H. Ripple, Scranton, Pennsylvania, Governor, District 51.  
 Henry T. Fletcher, Marfa, Texas, Governor, District 42.

Frank L. Brittain, Kansas City, Missouri, Governor, District 15.  
 Walter D. Cline, Wichita Falls, Texas, Governor, District 41.  
 George C. Rooke, Regina, Sask., Canada, Governor, District 4.  
 Dr. Harvey C. Brown, Denver, Colorado, Governor, District 7.  
 Samuel C. Carnes, Cambridge, Ohio, Governor, District 22.  
 Burton H. Saxton, Sioux City, Iowa, Governor, District 19.  
 Eaton D. Sargent, Nashua, New Hampshire, Governor, District 8.  
 M. Ward Fleming, Philipsburg, Pennsylvania, Governor, District 34.

#### Third Row—Left to Right

John A. Young, Sydney, N. S., Canada, Governor, District 32.  
 Sidney L. Hardin, Mission, Texas, Governor, District 47.  
 Emory Folmar, Troy, Alabama, Governor, District 26.  
 Al Falkenhainer, Algona, Iowa, Governor, District 11.  
 Henry S. Gately, Missoula, Montana, Governor, District 6.  
 Jed W. Robinson, Grafton, West Virginia, Governor, District 24.  
 Sidney B. McMichael, Toronto, Ontario, Governor, District 27.  
 R. Leonard Grange, York, England, Member, Boys Work Committee, Rotary International.  
 Charles J. Smith, Salem, Virginia, Governor, District 37.  
 W. E. Herbert, Wellington, New Zealand, Governor, District 53.  
 William Charles Wallace, New Wilmington, Pennsylvania, Governor, District 33.  
 T. J. Rees, Swansea, Wales, Chairman, RIBI District No. 14.  
 Percy V. Dawe, Cadillac, Michigan, Governor, District 35.  
 Julio H. Smith, Caibarien, Cuba, Governor, District 25.  
 A. E. Ikin, Blackpool, England, Chairman, RIBI District No. 5.  
 Fred W. Teele, Zurich, Switzerland, Special Commissioner.  
 Thomas B. Bridges, Oakland, California, Governor, District 2.

I. B. Sutton, Tampico, Mexico, Governor, District 3.  
 Leonard T. Skeggs, Youngstown, Ohio, Governor, District 21.  
 F. F. Vincent, Oxford, England, Chairman, RIBI District No. 9.  
 James H. Roth, Ventura, California, Special Representative, Spain and Portugal.  
 Leonard C. Lamb, Knoxville, Tennessee, Governor, District 52.  
 John Edward Carver, Ogden, Utah, Governor, District 5.  
 Peter J. Kolb, Mount Carmel, Illinois, Governor, District 45.  
 G. C. Bensusan-Butt, Colchester, England, Chairman, RIBI District No. 8.  
 Bruce Bogarte, Dallas, Texas, Governor, District 48.

#### Fourth Row—Left to Right

William Lewis Butcher, New York City.  
 Tom J. Davis, Butte, Montana, Chairman, Constitution and By-Laws Committee, Rotary International.  
 John Alison, Holyoke, Massachusetts, Governor, District 30.  
 Peter K. Emmons, Trenton, New Jersey, Governor, District 36.  
 Robert E. Heun, Richmond, Indiana, Member, Extension Committee, Rotary International.  
 Myron L. Pontius, Jacksonville, Illinois, Governor, District 44.  
 R. W. Rusterholz, Johannesburg, South Africa, Honorary Special Commissioner.  
 John C. Hall, St. Louis, Missouri, Governor, District 14.  
 Richard G. Cox, Gulfport, Mississippi, Governor, District 17.  
 John R. Dexter, Ardmore, Oklahoma, Governor, District 12.  
 Edmund W. Campbell, Seattle, Washington, Governor, District 1.  
 Lester Ruffner, Prescott, Arizona, Governor, District 43.  
 James W. Davidson, Calgary, Alberta, Member, Extension Committee, Rotary International.  
 J. Robert Kelley, Covington, Kentucky, Governor, District 18.  
 Gilbert J. Palen, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Governor, District 50.  
 William D. Munn, Auckland, New Zealand, Visitor.



Miami, Arizona, Rotary held a regular meeting 1,400 feet underground in one of the levels of a copper mine on the outskirts of the town. Each Rotarian was furnished with a miner's cap and before entering the "cage" received a miner's lunch put up in the customary brown paper bag. The unique meeting attracted several Rotarians from neighboring clubs.

## Lint From the Rotary Looms

(Continued from page 26)

**BELZONI, MISS.**—After an appeal by the county home-demonstration agent, local Rotarians provided the money to send eleven boys to the summer session of the Agricultural and Mechanical College.

\* \* \*

**WINONA, MINN.**—Some twenty Winona Rotarians had an exciting experience recently while returning from the charter meeting of the Rochester club. The Winona men encountered one of the worst storms this section has experienced in years, blinding rain and flooded roads preventing some of the travellers from reaching home till 4:30 a. m. Two cars went off the road and though no one was seriously hurt several of the party came near drowning in the flood.

\* \* \*

**LAHORE, INDIA.**—An editorial in the Civil and Military Gazette urges the formation of a Rotary Club in this city saying that such a club would furnish a clearing point where civic workers could gather regardless of creed or race.

\* \* \*

**WELLSVILLE, N. Y.**—A 78-mile trip over the B. & S. switchback to Austin, Pa., was the attraction which lured nearly a hundred Wellsville Rotarians and guests from their homes recently. The trip was enlivened by the distribution of a mimeographed "travelogue" which listed the beauty spots along the mountain road and gave much other

information whereby many Rotarians learned things about themselves which they had not previously suspected.

\* \* \*

**LITTLE ROCK, ARK.**—The use of an imposing "forfeiture notice" is stimulating attendance of those Little Rock Rotarians who are too close to the sixty-per-cent average.

\* \* \*

**CHATTANOOGA, TENN.**—"Know your own city" is the latest slogan in Chattanooga Rotary. They have special committees which visit various industries, gather information as to the nature of the business, number of employees, amount of welfare work, etc., for terse reports rendered by the committee chairmen. Many cities rapidly develop in ways beyond the knowledge of the average citizen and this plan may be useful elsewhere.

\* \* \*

**MACON, GA.**—Classification clubs joined with the Chamber of Commerce in a stock-selling program which is to give Macon a million-dollar community-tourist hotel. The seven story structure will be erected on a 470-acre site two and one-half miles from the city.

\* \* \*

**ANACONDA, MONT.**—The subdued husband was least obtrusive when the Rotary Anns conducted the meeting in place of their husbands. Men were promptly fined for answering to their names, for smoking, for doing anything but eating and looking pleased

while they were entertained. Extraordinary minutes of a previous meeting, unusual committee reports, and a business session that should reform the world were items on the program.

\* \* \*

Real grass to tickle bare feet, real trees to climb, and a real swimming pool in which to splash around are being furnished by the many summer camps for boys and girls. Reports from at least three towns show that Rotary is doing its share to provide such joys for town-bred youngsters. The latest developments reported are:

\* \* \*

**FOND DU LAC, WIS.**—Camp Shaganappi on Winnebago Lake was established five years ago by local Rotarians. Lumber and labor donated by Rotarians gave the camp its new dining-hall where Rotarians were recently entertained. Later they wandered over the 13-acre campsite, inspected Indian burial mounds, sampled spring water. The camp is run from the latter part of June to September. Physical directors and chaperones look after the youngsters. Boys attend during the first half of the camp period, girls in the last half.

\* \* \*

**COLUMBUS, NEB.**—Twenty-five boys landed at the Rotary camp, turned cartwheels, whooped, otherwise registered pleasure. Twenty-five boys learned camp rules, obeyed, kept things

(Continued on page 32.)



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# Better than setting up exercises for morning pep!

HERE is something to smooth down the hair, and give your scalp a world of zip! No grease to collect dirt—but a clear, sparkling quinine tonic with a delightful tingle.

Well-groomed men, who find that water gives hair a musty odor, are enthusiastic over this *new* and *better* hair dress.

## TRY THIS IN 4 COUNTS

- 1 Ask your local druggist for a bottle of Wild-root Quinine Hair Dress.
- 2 Rub some on your head in the morning to remove that "tired feeling."
- 3 Rub some on your head after work—to freshen-up.
- 4 Repeat every day and *tell your friends!*



# WILDROOT QUININE HAIR DRESS

(Continued from page 30)

orderly. Sundry catfish surveyed baits—gulped them. Twenty-five boys scaled, cleaned, cooked, devoured sundry catfish.

\* \* \*

**HAYS, KANSAS.**—Under the supervision of the local Rotarians a dam was built. The dam was used to create an artificial lake with water from one to eight feet in depth. Snags were removed, a stone camphouse erected, a supervisor and two assistants engaged. Groups of boys gathered, dipped tentative toes, dived in. Later the Camp Fire Girls will try it.

The Rotary committee is also taking active charge of the city playground, organizing six ball teams, preparing a five-week schedule with three games each week.

\* \* \*

For those children whose handicaps prevent them from joining in the play of their fellows Rotary also had something to say:

\* \* \*

**PIKEVILLE, KY.**—The local Rotary club decided to centralize their objective activities on crippled children and boys work. Ten crippled children have been cured, a healthy Scout troop has been organized and recently these Scouts hiked 40 miles without one calling for the ambulance.

\* \* \*

**HANCOCK, MICH.**—Houghton and Hancock Rotarians, Calumet Lions, and St. Joseph's Hospital staff joined forces and held a crippled children's clinic. The report of the examining specialist indicated that 140 of the 164 children examined could probably be cured—many without an operation. He said that the percentage of curables was unusually high.

\* \* \*

**KALAMAZOO, MICH.**—One hundred and forty-eight crippled children were

brought to the clinic, entertained while waiting for examination, their condition diagnosed. Physicians, nurses, the executive secretary of the state society for crippled children, Rotarians and Rotary Anns of Kalamazoo and Vicksburg handled the cases expeditiously. As a by-product of this survey more than a score of afflicted children not properly described as cripples were found and turned over to the proper agencies.

\* \* \*

**KEWANEE, ILL.**—A concert arranged by the stunt committee of Kewanee Rotary netted \$700 for the crippled children's fund. The club has also furnished a president and a field secretary to the state society working for crippled children.

\* \* \*

**LAKEWOOD, N. J.**—The attendance record of Lakewood Rotary lists six members who have not missed a meeting since they joined and four charter members with 100 per cent records. The club's percentage since its organization in Feb. 1922 is 93.4 per cent.

\* \* \*

**EVELETH, MINN.**—A luncheon in the Wilsonian auditorium 250 feet underground was enjoyed by Eveleth Rotarians who are making a series of visits to the mines in this vicinity. Two miners furnished music and another employee ran the motion picture machine which has frequent usage in this auditorium.

The Eveleth club has had many invitations to repeat a musical skit presented at the recent Hibbing convention. A parody on "Follow the Swallow" written by the club secretary was the hit of the show.

\* \* \*

**WATERTOWN, N. Y.**—Cooperation with junior agricultural clubs is being

undertaken by local Rotarians. The boys raise garden truck and poultry, keep accounts, and (possibly) have the joy furnishing specimens at the "achievement dinner" in the fall. The Rotary club believes it is the first in its state to undertake this work.

\* \* \*

**HAMILTON, CANADA.**—The president of the Dominion Sheet Metal Corporation, A. T. Enlow, spoke before the club. He pointed out some of the ways to accumulate goodwill, applicable especially to manufacturing concerns: Correcting errors in your own favor; occasionally enumerating some of the good points in a product as well as defects and shortcomings; commendation for good service; voluntary reduction of selling price where possible. Questionable trade practices he enumerated: Misrepresenting competitive quotations to secure low bid; taking discounts not earned; influencing business through distribution of gratuities; contracting for larger amounts than can be used in order to secure lower price.

\* \* \*

**EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.**—There is talk of a revival of the now-famous play "Patricia" given by members of the Evansville club during the summer. Produced by club talent entirely, \$1,400 was cleared and will be used as a fund for loans to students. Aside from the fact that Rotarian Frank Holland was author, composer, actor, and director, one other should be mentioned. Twenty-four hours before the curtain arose one of the players of a leading part was notified of the death of his mother. Another member was pressed into service; sat through an entire night studying the long part; rehearsed the part of the morning of the first performance; played the matinee and night; didn't miss a cue.



The Rotary Club of Monrovia, Cal., set the pace in adopting California's Festival Year styles which commemorate the 75th anniversary of California's admission to the Union. There is a state-wide revival of the old Spanish styles, and sombreros, sashes, and flowing ties are seen in many vivid hues—the red and yellow, of course, predominating. The twang of the guitar is heard at civic fiestas, and the click-click of the castanets encourages the dancers. Sherman J. McQueen, president of the club, is the fifth man from the left of the second row, and secretary Lincoln C. Backus is at the right end of the front row.

## Funny Side of Life

—as reflected in the club publications

*A Mandy Lay*

(With the usual to Rudyard K.)

By the old henhouse Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea.  
There's a Plymouth Rock a'settin, an' I know she lays for me!  
For the wind is in the plane trees an' the pullets seem to say:  
"Come you back, you poultry raiser, watch your prize hen Mandy lay!"  
Watch your good old Mandy lay in her nest upon the hay;  
Can't you 'ear the roosters crowing in a prideful sort of way?  
Let the frying squawkers play, but old Mandy's bound to lay;  
When the price goes up, by thunder, china eggs is bound to pay!

C. M. LINDSAY—*The Hub*, Boston.

### Contemporary

Mulligan: "The byes say ye licked poor Casey. Shure he niver hurt iny man's feelin's."

Harrigan: "He's a shnake in the grass. The blackguard referred to me as his contemporary, and I'll be the contemporary to no man livin'."

—*Calcutta Rotary*.

### Written on the Big Four

he wore the wheel of Rotary,  
& i the blue-white "K."  
We spoke & smiled, & then we whiled 2 plezzant hours away.  
& sum day, on sum other trane,  
i hope we 2 will meet agane.

—*Put and Take*. Weekly Bulletin of the Kiwanis Club, Alliance, Ohio.

# For Records that Last!

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**USE FIDELITY UNION SKIN**  
—the durable thin record paper for copies of Legal, Insurance and all other forms that must endure time and usage.

Glazed and Unglazed finish. Made in White only.

**U** **MOORE CARD SIGNALS FOR FOLLOW-UP SYSTEMS**

Whether at your office, or for the Club, these signals, which come in 13 colors, will remind you when to send out the next follow-up letter.

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Manufacturers of Moore Push-Pins.  
Push-less Hangers, Maptacks, Thumbtacks, etc.

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**IN MONTREAL** The Rotary Club Meets on Tuesdays, 12:45, at

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ON DOMINION SQUARE

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Salt Lake City, Utah

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GEO. O. RELF, Gen. Mgr.

Rotary Club Luncheons held here Tuesdays, 12:15. Visiting Rotarians Welcome.

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**6 Doz. \$2.25**

**3 Doz. \$1.25**

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# "All Is Well—Go Ahead!"

*A brief description of an interesting plan of boys work developed by a small club*

By A. L. BROWN



The Rotary Club of Greeneville, Tenn., is attempting a novel experiment with a group of boys selected from the grade schools. Mrs. G. C. Long teacher of the Rotary School for "Misunderstood boys" is in the picture.

**I**N my travels back and forth, and the opportunity that has been mine to visit many Rotary clubs during the past year, I have been deeply impressed with the different kinds of good work in which the various clubs are engaged.

This strong arm of service seems to be stretched out especially through the avenue of child life, whether it be to lift up a crippled boy or girl, or to give direction to the life of some boy.

It is of this work among boys, that the Rotary Club of Greeneville, Tennessee, is doing, that I wish to tell Rotarians about. From the beginning our club has taken a deep interest in the schools, resulting in improvement all along the line. However, back in 1923, it was noticed that in many of the lower grades there were boys who did not seem to be able for some reason or other to progress with the rest of the class. The teacher was not able to give these particular boys the special attention that seemed necessary for their advancement. In each of these boys there were talents that seemed to be submerged for want of a proper stimulus. Greeneville Rotarians became interested. They selected from the various rooms those boys needing special

care and these boys were given over to the care and instruction of a splendid teacher thoroughly in sympathy with them.

The school board fitted up a room for these lads and agreed to pay part of the salary of the teacher, the Rotary club to pay the remainder. At first it was called "The Rotary School for Underprivileged Boys." But it soon became apparent that the "Underprivileged" part of the name was a misnomer. As the teacher began to study closely and analyze each individual boy, getting his boyish point of view and youthful vision of life, the good that was in him seemed to unfold like a flower taken from a chilled environment into the glorious sunlight. It was found that these boys came mostly from the hard-working class or those who had few advantages in their young days, so that the virtues of these boys had been stifled rather than encouraged. It did not take long to realize that a more fitting description for these lads would be "Misunderstood" rather than "Underprivileged." You will see in a moment just what I mean when I tell you what these boys are doing.

A sponsor for this school was appointed from the Rotary club, whose

duty it was to visit the boys from time to time, taking with him each time three or more Rotarians who were on the program for a short talk of not over two minutes. This exercise alone was worth a great deal to both boys and members. Some members, it is true, often begged to be excused from making a talk, but they always came forward when called upon. Short nature talks and songs by the Rotary quartet, etc., through the month kept the boys guessing what next joy was in store for them. We began to notice a decided improvement in the spirit into which they entered into play or work.

The first week in January, each of the thirty boys were given a sheet of writing paper on which was written some appropriate maxim. They rewrote the maxim and added their name and date. These papers were then filed away and just before the close of school each boy wrote the same thing on the sheet and the six who had improved the most were given a prize. Some of the boys, during the year, have made two grades, catching up with their former companions. The advancement of all has been remarkable, not only in their school work, but in attendance and best of all—character.

**I**N order to bring the boys and the members of the club closer together, two silk banners were made, one containing the names of Rotary members, the other the names of the boys. These banners were placed in the school-room and as each Rotarian makes his visit one of the boys places a red star opposite his name. This helps the boy to get better acquainted with each member of the club. On Monday morning, a gold star is placed opposite the name of the boy who attended Sunday School the day before. The result of this has been that ninety-five per cent of the boys attend some Sunday School, whereas when the school plan was first inaugurated hardly twenty-five per cent attended. A duplicate set of the banners hang in the

(Cont'd on page 36)



# Do You Want \$100?

Can your club use One Hundred Dollars in Boys Work or some other worth-while objective?

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**Urban-Rural Fellowship**  
**Crippled Children Work**  
**Back-to-School Work**

or in some other phase of

## Rotary Club Activities

For each such article accepted and published THE ROTARIAN will pay One Hundred Dollars to the club or the individual sending the article.

This is not a prize contest but an offer to pay for what is wanted. The Editors reserve the right to accept or reject any article submitted.

## CONDITIONS

Articles should not be more than 2,500 words in length.

They must be typewritten (double-spaced) on one side of the sheet only.

Photographs, sketches, diagrams, etc., which will illustrate or make clearer the text of the article will be welcomed.

Inscribe at the top of the first sheet: Club Activity Feature Article for The Rotarian, submitted by.....

Be sure to indicate whether the article is submitted by the club or by an individual, that is to say, whether the \$100.00 is to be paid to a club or an individual.

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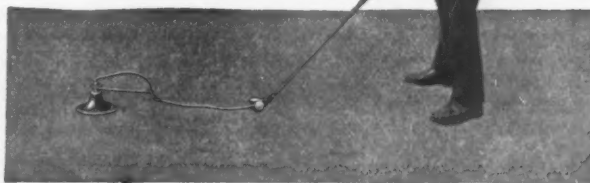
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(Continued from page 34)

clubrooms so that each member can keep up with the boys and also see whether or not the other fellow is doing his duty in the matter of visiting the school, as the stars are placed on this banner the same as on those in the schoolroom. To be sure, this may seem like an unimportant matter, but every star affixed opposite a name serves to impress the importance of punctuality and the keeping of an appointment.

These boys range from ten to fourteen years of age. They came to us as any other more or less neglected boy would come, from the streets, golf links and numerous other places where a little money was being earned. Careless at first about their attendance at school and with no thought of the morrow, the average attendance now is splendid and the boys are learning the value of

planning ahead. Personal pride and a hearty ambition have greatly improved their personal appearance.

From among these thirty boys, their teacher, Mrs. G. C. Long, has, by her natural love for her work and marked ability along this line, developed a singer of considerable talent; another boy was found to excel in the art of speech-making; one big boy with sunny face and a perpetual smile has developed a quickness of thought and action that, if guided into the right channel, will make a useful man. That is the object we have in view, and if we build character and direct energy in the ways of good, then our labors will not have been in vain.

If you are passing down the street with a Rotarian and you should happen to meet one of the boys from the Rotary school you would see his right arm go up and with his hand above his

head give the Rotary salute, for each boy has been told that this is the railroad signal for "All is well, go ahead," and in giving this sign the boy must be all that is implied in the signal which he gives, and receives the answer with so much pleasure. Some may think that this is a lot to do, and very properly ask, "Will it last?" I am sure that each individual Rotarian feels a genuine pleasure and pride in this work. It has grown upon us, and after all when each one does his part very little actual time is required for our interest is spread out from day to day.

If you want to get some real pleasure out of life, try sponsoring a Rotary school for "Misunderstood Boys," and as you sow the seed into these young hearts and see them taking root in good ground you will appreciate more fully the parable of the Sower so beautifully portrayed in the Scripture.

## Sermons in Stones

By WILLIAM A. CALDWELL

D'YE 'member that parson, 'Manthy, with a face like a piece of chalk,  
Who preached about rocks and bushes, and pretended 'at they could talk?

I reckon y' ain't forgot him, though hit's many a day ago

Sence we druv to the Millport meetin'-house through the slush o' that April snow.

I tuck no stock in his ideas, an' I thought they might do harm.

But I calkilate that sermon was the savin' o' this here farm!

Now y' needn't think I'm crazy, nor out o' my head a mite—

Jest wait till y've heerd my story, and I judge y'll say I'm right:

Y' see when I'd reached the city an' got shet o' them pesky keers,

I hunted the lawyer's office up an' sot down in one o' his cheers.

He was up to his years in papers, an' he looked so powerful glum

That it made me draw a good-sized breath an' wish 'at I hadn't come.

He scribbled away ten minutes 'thout sayin' a word to me,

Then he asked my name an' my business, cranky as he could be.

But he cut me off in a minute, 'fore I'd hardly got begun—

Said 'at he hadn't no time jist then, an' to come at half past one.

So I sidled out o' his office an fur an hour and a half or more

I walked them hard old pavements, tell my legs was stiff and sore.

An' I thought—No use o' goin' to thet lawyer's shop ag'in;

When he hears I haven't the money it'll make him mad as sin.

No use to give him reasons, or tell what I hope to do—

He'll say, "Can y' lift the mortgage Thet's all thet I want o' you."

An' I could see his face git harder and hear him givin' the law

With about as much o' feelin' as there is in a cross-cut saw.

Jist then I noticed some fellows a-tearin' up the street,

An' I stopped a moment to watch 'em and to kind o' rest my feet.

As they piled the rocks on the sidewalk, they made me think somehow

O' thet preacher an' his sermon, an' says, "I wonder now

If he could dig a sermon from thet pile o' cobblestones."

An' I thought it about as likely as he could find a turnip's bones.

As I watched them fellers a-workin', I tell y' it staggered me

To see 'em digging some dirt up, as nat'ral as dirt could be.

Y' see, them streets is so solid, when a man's much walkin' to do,

I'd got the idee in my head the pavement went clean through;

An' now so near the surface to see thet sandy loam—

It r'ally cheered me up a bit an' made me feel at home.

So, thinkin' o' preachers and sermons and everything thet way,

It nat'rally led me on to seek a lesson for the day;

An' I says, "O' course these pavements, they must be hard an' sound

To bear the brunt o' traffic, but thet doesn't change the ground.

An' here's these city fellers, they're stiff an' dignified

An' wears a crust around 'em, but there's a heart somewheres inside.

An' I'm goin' back to thet lawyer, an' I'll talk to him plain an' free;

Perhaps he can see the matter the way thet it looks to me."

I can't tell y'all thet I said to him, for I didn't have no plan;

I jist forgot he 'as a lawyer an' talked as I would to a man.

I 'member I mentioned the fire, and the losin' o' all we had,

An' the children had growed up an' left us— an' one o' 'em gone to the bad

An' the way the mortgage was given—for security, not for debt—

An' our reasons for thinkin' thet Wilson'll settle his matters yet.

The lawyer, he said nothin', not till I'd reached the close,

But I fancied I must 'a tetched him from the way thet he blowed his nose.

I 'spect to face the music as soon as he once begun,

But he couldn't o' talked no kinder if I'd been his prodigal son.

An' he asked me lots o' questions, in the friendliest sort o' way,

An' made my heart feel lighter than it's felt for many a day;

For he changed the date o' payment and shoved it ahead a year—

Which makes us safe enough, I guess, from all thet I can hear

For-a-comin' from the railroad, I was told by neighbor Metz

Thet Wilson's found a buyer an' is going to pay his debts.

Now jist suppose for a moment I'd 'a' let thet chance go by,

Or couldn't 'a' read thet lesson, so plain before my eye!

I reckon we wouldn't be here now, for sure as you are born

I'd never 'a' guessed thet lawyer's heart was soft as mine or yourn.

An' so, as I said at beginnin', so far from doin' harm,

I calkilate thet sermon was the savin' o' this here farm!



## What Is the Function of Criticism?

(Continued from page 21)

its implacable demeanor. The defence may be that it specializes in attack, that it is primarily concerned with destruction. After all, man is a joyful spirit, and if his work be the destruction of reputations, the taking down of pegs, it may be natural that he should go about it with a savage glee. Perhaps the Almighty deals out his reproof not unzealously and even creates his sinners with some gusto. The *Mercury* can praise, and when standards are high and critics a little arbitrary the praise brings a welcome element of relief. And here are critics pushing out into different directions, and every one of them knows that he is positively and precisely right. If you are not sure you had better pretend to be or nobody will take notice of you. Certainly it is no good to be kind and flabby, to blunt everything with doubts, to accept the second-rate as practically first-rate. That won't do at all.

Mr. Albert Jay Nock leads off in this number of the *Mercury* with a gay insult to England generally and then he proceeds, with perfect confidence, to declare that an understanding between the English people and those of the United States can never really exist. To many of us his reasons may appear flimsy, but he has not the slightest doubt. He has something interesting to say, but his way of saying it is the opposite of persuasive. Incidentally he mentions that a recent novel by Sir Harry Johnston is "the best novel, in my judgment, that has been written since 'The Way of All Flesh.'" I confess I have not read Sir Harry Johnston's novel, but I feel sure that he would think Mr. Nock's judgment as ridiculous as I do. When Mr. Nock is not absolute he must be startling.

Then I read an editorial by Mr. Mencken about "Baptist and Methodist ecclesiastics," and I carry away the impression that these are all villains of the deepest dye; my difficulty is that I think no set of human beings can be as bad as that. Passing to "Clinical Notes," by the two editors, one finds an extreme annoyance with the Ten Commandments and terrific sarcasms at their expense. There is an especial fury against "uplift," which, it appears, may be sanctimonious humbug or the comparatively harmless attempt to prevent the ruin of the human race. Under the title "More Work for Uplifters," Mr. James Stevens gets well to work. I am not a prohibitionist myself and shouldn't like to think I have drunk my last glass of beer, but Mr. Stevens makes any objections I have to appear colorless. His article is an

## INTERNATIONAL SERVICE

### London, England, to Freeport, Illinois

London, S.W.1.,  
31st March, 1925.

Dear Mr. Keen:

Now that your efforts on behalf of the Kensington, Fulham and Chelsea General Hospital are drawing to a close, I wish to thank you personally for all the admirable work you have done to help us. It has been a real pleasure to all concerned to work under you, and your tact and cheerful optimism in the face of great difficulties has been the greatest incentive to the various teams you organized.

We have all along been aware of the very tough proposition you were up against, one that you could not fully realize under the circumstances until the campaign was launched. But of this I am certain, your method—your firm's method—is the right one. Without your aid we never could have achieved what we have, and I, as Chairman of the hospital, would have looked in vain for support.

Believe me, Faithfully yours,

CARISBROOKE.

A CAMPAIGN for funds for Kensington, Fulham and Chelsea hospital in London, under leadership of the Marquess of Carisbrooke, a cousin of the King, received its first subscription from the Queen, also one from the Prince of Wales, and was supported throughout by the aristocracy of London. It was under the direction of Cyrus P. Keen of our staff.

Freeport, Illinois,  
March 24, 1925.

Dear Mr. Gates:

It has been my intention to write you before this time. I do so now for the purpose of expressing to you and your firm our satisfaction with the service given our campaign committee by your Mr. Resler. There were tense situations part of the time of the campaign, but we found him faithful on the job and using good discretion throughout. I want to say that we are all well-satisfied with the way the campaign was managed.

The fact of going over the top has left a very agreeable feeling among our people. There are many who say that this is one of the best things that has happened in Freeport for years. Personally I shall be glad to speak a good word for your firm or for Mr. Resler at any time.

Yours with appreciation,

JOHN G. SCHWAB.

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George E. Carmichael, Headmaster

impassioned enforcement of the theory that prohibition has brought a great increase of prostitution, that the poor innocent drunkards must have something to do and have turned satyrs. There is no shadow of doubt, there are no half measures here.

Mr. Nathan writes about the theatre, and he didn't like Mr. Basil Dean's production of "Hassan." So, Mr. Dean is "drolly incompetent," he is "a fetching bloomer," and we are told that in America "they do finer work up alleys." Finally, there is Mr. Mencken on Stevenson. "Was he simply a clever fellow, enchanting to the defectively literate, but destined, in the end, to go below the salt?" That is where Mr. Mencken would place him, and if he means simply that he is not the equal of Meredith and Conrad most of us would agree. It is absurd to insult

everybody who isn't first-rate. Some of Stevenson's work is placed by Mr. Mencken at least high in the second rank, and he believes that Stevenson got the best out of himself. Surely, then, he is entitled to honor, and I can't see why I am defectively literate because I like him. You are a dull fellow if you don't like Stevenson; of course, it may be a very exalted form of dullness. Mr. Mencken refers to him as "good Louis," and, as far as I can make out, with the simple intention of being offensive, and he refers to "the fanatical" Dickensians, who are mainly persons who have never read Thackeray." This isn't true, of course, but it may hurt or annoy somebody.

I don't think the function of criticism is to hurt and annoy anyone you can reach. I don't see why Mr. Mencken should take an unholy joy in making

out that Stevenson was not as good a writer as some people think, and that his father must have been distressed by his course of life. He doesn't? Well, he leaves me with that impression. I dare say that if Mr. Mencken were to read these lines he would say that I am a thickhead or a doddering jellyfish. I don't think that would do me or him any good. You can honestly disagree without calling down the wrath of God. Critics need not write in the manner of low-class politicians on the platform. I suppose we want to get at the truth still, though we confuse ourselves with the notion that there isn't truth, only relativity. I begin to feel with that negro poet that there is no place in the world for me. I want to disagree with some of the ways of Mr. Mencken and his fellows without calling them blethering idiots. But that is to be ineffective.

## A Hobby Steeplechase

(Continued from page 17)

these students lacked formal training in astronomy, but they were eager to learn. As they increased their own knowledge they began to invite other friends—Scouts, Sunday School pupils, Camp Fire Girls, high school students, and then older folk. The amateur astronomy classes grew in size until some seven or eight hundred people were attending. Three years later John sold his telescope but kept the stereopticon slides he had made and his record shows that these slides were used for lectures on many occasions.

John Chase will tell you that in many ways star-gazing was even a better hobby than gardening. The stimulus to imagination which vast space induces makes life more interesting, he finds. Then too this impression of immensity which comes from daily reading and study of the universe makes our little petty troubles much easier to conquer. John claims that the most enjoyable vacation he ever spent was largely devoted to an attempt to work out a harmonious religion which would fit in with our knowledge of astronomy. And he found that instead of listening to his speculations with a pitying smile, his close friends became deeply absorbed in such meditation and presently were working out theories of their own as to the greatest riddle of all—that of the universe.

Many a man has founded a more lasting reputation on his hobby than he made by his regular work. Thus it happens that while many citizens in Sunderland, England, are acquainted with W. J. Cochrane, land and mining agent, people not only from all parts of Great Britain but from other lands as well, know W. J. Cochrane, Fellow of the Royal Philatelic Society and author

of the standard book on certain Argentine stamps. He has been president of the North of England Philatelic Society for some years, was elected to the Roll of Distinguished Philatelists, and was among those invited to Buckingham Palace to inspect the great stamp collection of King George.

"Ah-ha" says some wiseacre, "here comes the hitch in this hobby stuff. You've been talking about the pleasures and benefits of hobbies when you know very well that only the crowned heads and the plutocrats can afford these pastimes." This objection is often raised—but is it true? Let us ask another Englishman, E. P. Gaston of Sutton, who enjoys some reputation as an art connoisseur—one of the fields often thought to be the private hunting grounds of the prosperous.

In a recent address before London Rotarians this collector stated that only moderate means were needed to indulge one's passion for art. He dwelt on the pleasures of collecting old prints, which can sometimes be had at very reasonable figures. He pointed out that in several cases the value of such prints had increased more than a hundredfold within a century, thereby allowing collectors to make a handsome profit—providing they could be induced to part with their "finds." Thus discriminating buying of medium priced varieties would enable one to collect gems, glass, china, antiques, and pictures, with a reasonable chance that they would have an appreciation in value.

**S**IMILAR opportunities for investment are held out to the collector of books, which brings us to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where Luther Brewer

newspaper publisher, has a collection of Leigh Hunt rarities which is probably unrivaled. This publisher's interest in Leigh Hunt was aroused by a letter in which Hunt described himself as "a perfect glutton of books." From the collection of Leigh Hunt first editions, Luther branched into the acquisition of Hunt manuscripts, and from that extended his activities to Shelleyana and other related contemporary material. Some five hundred items in this collection cannot be duplicated, and in eight years Luther has secured enough material so that he can look forward to writing a book about his treasures.

Books and pipes have been associated for so long that this seems the right place to mention Edward Unwin, Jr., of London, England, and his five hundred assorted pipes. In the various groups of pipes clustered in his flat are some dating from the reign of Elizabeth when tobacco was first brought to England. Other specimens in the collection are associated with the sombre history of the Great Plague of 1666—and were smoked by the grave diggers who considered tobacco a valuable disinfectant. Another historic pipe in the printer's possession is one that sent its smoke curling around the wig of Captain Cook as that great navigator pondered over his charts.

And speaking of pipes perhaps no one has a bigger pipe than the one in the collection of A. J. Hutchinson of Auckland, New Zealand. Upon his return to his homeland from the Toronto Convention, his friends presented him with a pipe six feet long. To keep the presentation from the knowledge of the recipient until the proper time, they had the pipe made in sections so that



it might be secretly conveyed to their meeting place. When this Anak of a pipe was presented, "Hutch" rose to the occasion by demanding a handful of tobacco from every smoker present so that the gift might be duly "stoked!"

BOOKS are not the only thing associated with pipes. Americans often couple corncobs and whittling—for in rural sections of the United States the smoking and slicing frequently go on simultaneously. Harvey L. Spangler was born in a fairly quiet section of Missouri though at present he lives in St. John, New Brunswick. Perhaps that is why he "whittles"—which is his own way of saying that his hobby is carving in wood. Just when and where this osteopath started his hobby he does not say. Evidently considerable practice was needed before he learned to reproduce profiles, landscapes, magazine covers, foliage, etc., with striking fidelity. Some of his friends say that the best portrait of Harvey is one which he carved himself.

There is somewhat of the peace of the countryside about all hobbies—a touch of the contemplative. Like the grapevines cultivated by a Nampa, Idaho, grocer they bring a touch of serenity even on a city lot. Whether we follow our hobby on a 300-acre ranch or in a city skyscraper it will make us a little more thoughtful, perhaps a shade more tolerant. It will furnish inspiration for editorials such as one in the "Pinion" Rotary club paper of Keokuk, Iowa. The editor pointed out that nearly every business or professional man had a hobby of his own—but that what was needed was a hobby for the Rotary Club,—something that would induce each member to give some personal service for the betterment of the community.

Probably the club has one by now, but this editorial stressed what is perhaps the finest thing about hobbies—their ability to make us more useful as well as more interesting members of society. All the advantages tentatively mentioned in this article and others, such as the inventions and discoveries directly traceable to hobbies, make men more valuable to their communities as well as to themselves. That bitter couplet: "The good are so hard on the clever, the clever so rude to the good" was never aimed at men who rode their hobbies wisely. Such hobbyists know that goodness and cleverness are not necessarily opposed, despite the clamor of over-zealous disciples on both sides. They know that in this hobby steeplechase the entry is its own reward even if there be none other. And secure in their knowledge they mount their ambling steeds—caparisoned, perhaps, as gaily as were the destriers of the tilt-yards—and ride for health and happiness, for prizes to be shared.

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## Boys Work--Past, Present, and Future

(Continued from page 20.)

dreds of communities where there are no facilities or where the facilities are very limited. A strong body is just as essential to the boy as a strong mind. Let us see to it that every boy has a chance to develop a strong, healthy, physical manhood.

A part of our co-operation with boys in the schools is the development of community interest in athletics. Too often we stress the skilled group rather than the mass. There are hundreds of schools and colleges which have record-breaking teams but where little is done for the average boy who is not a star in a particular branch of athletics. Rotary is asking each community to see to it that the boys are encouraged to play the game for the game's sake. It urges the development of the idea of fair play and sportsmanship, which is so essential in the building of good citizenship.

I have in mind a particular community which was visited one afternoon when the high school team was playing a rival team from a neighboring town. The boys of this particular high school had been losing steadily. They were being "razzed" by their own student body. When the boys walked down the streets of the town, citizens and other boys and girls poked fun at them. But on a particular Saturday afternoon, the Rotarians of the city went down to the field, a hundred strong. A healthy-lunged Rotarian took his place as cheerleader and they stood on the sidelines and rooted for the home town. The pitcher pitched as he never pitched before; the fielding stunts were of big league caliber. The home team had arrived; they were encouraged, inspired. They trailed at the seventh inning but in the eighth they knocked out three runs. In the ninth the second baseman hit a homer with three on bases.

SOME of our so-called thinkers would say that rooting doesn't accomplish anything, but those of us who have a heart; who believe there is still some sentiment and spiritual values left in the world, know that many a boy has been cheered on to victory because the "never-say-die" spirit has been aroused in his heart. Playing the game for the game's sake; playing it fairly and cleanly. That is what we have been encouraging this last year and we shall continue to encourage as one of the fundamental planks in our Boys Work platform.

A very important task is that of making ample provision for supervised recreational activities, particularly playgrounds, swimming pools, and

summer camps. In every town there are wide open spaces where the boys are playing, but often without supervision. Urge upon the authorities in your community to provide supervisors for such open spaces. Also, there are in every community gymnasiums and swimming pools which function only part of the time. See to it that these are open at night and that they function all summer. It is almost an indictment of society to allow swimming pools to be closed all summer where there are hundreds of boys in the community to whom a duck in the pool is a real inspiration, not to speak of the body-building qualities and the spare time influence that it provides.

Every boy loves God's great outdoors. We who can run away for a little while in the summer take it as a matter of course and forget that there are thousands of boys who have to stay in the town or city and never get a chance to commune with nature in the woods, by the lake or near the sea. Therefore, encourage the development of the summer camps which exist and see to it that the community opens new summer camps for the youth of your community.

One of the most important things in our program is "Boys' Week." Here is where Rotary rises resplendent. I fear that we are too close to Boys' Week to realize the tremendous impression it has made upon the world. Conceived, as it was, in the great city of New York and sponsored at first by the New York Rotary Club, then sent out in a booklet form by Rotary International for several years, it has spread around the whole world. In Boys' Week Rotary finds its place as the propagandist. In Boys' Week there is the perfect application of Resolution 34. In this pitiless publicity for the boy, in this globe-girdling propaganda for our potential manhood Rotary has electrified the universe.

And what a wonderful demonstration it has been! Rotary sponsored it, to be sure, but everyone is catching on so that it ceases to be entirely a Rotary movement. Everywhere there has been a gathering together of the forces of the community; everywhere there has been a marshalling of the forces of business and of boyhood, joining hands to focus the public attention on the boy. Some of you say, "One week of spectacular publicity." You are wrong, for the virus and the germ planted in Boys' Week is seeping out into all the year.

All of the previous planks in the Boys Work platform find their pub-

licity agent in Boys' Week. All of the other factors which enter into our program and into the boy problem are lodged in the mind of the community during this week. And who can say that such a system of propaganda can do otherwise than inspire the world for year-round work? Who can estimate the heart-throbs, the impulses and the spiritual values that have come from the marshalling of these boys in demonstrations of loyalty, in school, at play, in music, in the arts, in the sciences and in all things that are pure, true, honest, lovely and of good report? The Secretary of the National Boys' Week Committee, who has stayed with this movement from its very beginning, who has lived it day and night, has been making a study. Thus far, it covers only a few States. It is safe to state that nearly every hamlet and town carried out the movement this year. If the ratio holds good, and there is every reason to believe that it will, we shall be able to report the observance of considerably more than 3,000 Boys' Weeks in America, in Canada and around the world during the present year.

CONSIDER for a minute the thousands of editorial comments; consider the thousands of messages sounded from the public platform; consider the pledges of loyalty that have been made to their respective nations; consider the inspiring values that have come to the men who have led and who have planned for and with the boy during this week!

Cold-blooded and entirely lacking sentiment is the man, be he Rotarian or otherwise, who fails to respond to the urge and the heart throbs of this magnificent, splendid movement to give propaganda to the potential manhood of the world.

Gentlemen, do not use Boys' Week as a publicity vehicle. It is too sacred and superb for that. Find in Boys' Week the medium for the expression of the ideals which you hold for boyhood. Find in Boys' Week the opportunity to arouse the community to its obligations. If there is a Rotary club anywhere that has failed to put on the program, mark it well, for they have failed to catch the concept of its purpose, its ideals and the spiritual and practical results which come from this undertaking.

And so, Rotarians, I come to the close of my brief synopsis of Rotary Boys Work, having stressed only the higher places in the Rotary program. Each plank is worthy of a special address in itself.

In closing I would have you believe that, first of all, a Rotarian should find his place and his proper relationship with his own boy. If he does, he will surely find his place with the boys of his community. Find yourself in connection with your Rotary Boys Work program, the program that I have just stressed, and may I say that the Rotary clubs of the world have responded magnificently? We have only started, but the world is catching on. Men are coming to believe that youth is the only medium through which the world can find its way to peace, prosperity, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Ladies and gentlemen, may I say finally that the boy is calling you everywhere? Find your place as an individual, as a citizen, as a servant who tries mighty hard every day and every hour, to make of himself a perfect exemplification of the wonderful Rotary motto.

May I leave with you those inspired words of Edgerton:

"Back of the deed is the doer;  
Back of the doer, the dream.  
Back of the world as we see it,  
Science of things as they seem.  
Waits the invisible Spirit  
Weaving an infinite scheme.

"Mind is the monarch of matter;  
Will is the master of fate.  
Whatever the soul may determine  
That will it reach, soon or late.  
Thoughts have the gift and the power  
That which we think, to create.

"We are but outward expressions  
Of an interior thought;  
Gleams of the Light Everlasting.  
Through the material caught.  
Parts of the purpose eternal  
Into humanity wrought."

Humanity! That's the word!  
"Wrought into humanity" while they  
are still boys. That's the time to work.  
That is the vision splendid I would  
leave with you today.

## Among Our Letters

(Continued from page 23)

Date of Meeting	Dates for Attendance
Monday.....	Th. F. S. M. T. W. Th.
Tuesday.....	F. S. M. T. W. Th. F.
Wednesday.....	S. M. T. W. Th. F. S.
Thursday.....	M. T. W. Th. F. S. M.
Friday.....	T. W. Th. F. S. M. T.
Saturday.....	W. Th. F. S. M. T. W.

The foregoing gives leeway both ways, yet permits more than half a week to elapse between meetings.

I have not discussed the possibility of making up attendance by making trips to other cities for that special purpose. To compel members to do so, is not fair, frequently impossible, and therefore, contrary to the spirit of Rotary.

My thought in bringing up this question at this time is to provide ample opportunity for consideration and discussion, so that at our next convention, a really fair rule may be established.

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# The Charity of Rotary

**W**HAT would be the effect if each Rotarian, at a given sign would go to the man he thinks he dislikes most and say, "Jim, let's have lunch together today?"

What would be the result if, as we enter, we greeted first the fellows we would prefer to shake hands with, last, or not at all?

Rotary education requires a tolerant, patient study of men if we are to appreciate properly all the different members constituting a club. Some display their good qualities openly and on all occasions, others are past masters at concealing the same likeable characteristics.

If we cared enough to get under the

veneer, perchance we might discover that the mannerisms, characteristics, and actions which we deplore in some men are the results of circumstances which would have scarred and seared the best of us.

In the gathering twilight "The Great Stone Face" is simply a blur on the mountain side; in the clear light of day the features resemble a majestic human countenance.

The magnanimous spirit of Rotary requires that each man place his neighbor where the clear light of understanding will show his good qualities to the best advantage, remembering always that all of us have qualities which we would prefer our lenient

friends to examine only in the darkening shadows.

The weary Arab fell asleep beside his tethered mount. In his troubled dream the dreaded Black Camel, symbol of desert death, came and said, "'Son of the Desert' guide me to the tent of your greatest enemy." The Arab in his eagerness reached the tent first and as he parted the curtains and saw the relaxed figure of his enemy, helpless in sleep, his heart smote him and he pitied and forgave. The Black Camel, approaching, saw the consummation of his purpose and said, "'Son' the Master but prepared thee for thy long journey" and knelt in the desert sands that the Arab might mount.

CARL L. MILLWARD.

## Big Business-itis

(Continued from page 7)

"I thought you'd try that," the young lady replied sharply, "You're the drummer with the satchel. You can't talk with Mr. Barton!"

I hadn't had such a job getting an interview since the time I tried to call on a little lawyer in New York City who was handling some business for my bank. I came out of the cigar store and stood on the sidewalk a minute thinking what I should do, when I noticed something going on across the street. It happened the cigar store was just opposite the rear of the Barton hardware establishment and through a big window I could see into Ben's private office. Ben was there with another person whom I made out to be a fellow named Marmeduke Diggs, one of these self-styled efficiency experts, who had recently come to town to teach our business men how to become captains of industry. I had reason to recognize him because only the previous week he had offered to show me how to run my bank if I would pay him a thousand dollars for the information. Anyhow, there he was in Ben Barton's office giving Ben a lesson. Marmeduke stood first at the door with his hat and overcoat on, then advanced to the side of the room, taking off his overcoat as he walked. With one quick motion he hung up his coat and with another motion his hat. Then he took three steps to the desk and sat down, making only one motion to get the chair in place, reached for a sheet of paper with his left hand, took a pen with his right hand, and sat gracefully poised for business.

Having done all these things to his own evident satisfaction Marmeduke got up and began rehearsing Ben, who made several mistakes. Three times

at least Ben failed to get his overcoat off at the exact moment he reached the hook on the wall, and to the end of the rehearsal he never did manage to get into his chair without using both hands. They were still talking it over when I left. Next morning I wrote Ben a letter saying I wished he would call at the bank to see me when he could find the opportunity.

He was all dressed up when he arrived for this interview, carrying gloves and a walking cane, and from his general appearance it wouldn't have surprised me to see him pull a monocle out of his pocket. When I complimented him on his good clothes he sprang a remark that I knew he must have learned from Marmeduke.

"Efficiency," he said, "demands that one dress according to his work!"

After digesting that bit of philosophy I came directly to the matter that was on my mind.

"Look here, Ben," I said, "I have only two reasons for butting into your affairs. The first is, that you are the son of your father. The second is, that you are doing business with the Farmers National and sometimes you need to borrow money from us. Just what is it you have been doing to your shop over there that makes it appear something like a cross between an undertaker's parlor and a jail?"

"I'm glad you noticed it," he said with kind of a prideful smile. "I've organized for efficiency. Efficiency; service."

"Yes," I answered, "I saw you taking a lesson yesterday afternoon. You ought to pull down the curtain when you and Marmeduke Diggs do your rehearsing."

Ben squirmed a little at this and

glanced at me uneasily as though he wondered just how I knew about it. Then he began to speak his piece:

"Maybe you don't understand the new thought," he said as though he was quoting from one of those achievement magazines; "we have everything in ourselves, and we have only to call on our hidden powers in order to become anything we want to be."

"That sounds pretty good," I said, "but your hidden powers will have to be extra strong if you expect to make a go of your hardware store the way you're running it. As I understand it, you've got three clerks over there to sell goods. You've got yourself and a bookkeeper and a telephone young lady to handle the efficiency. It's a pretty heavy job for each clerk to carry an efficiency person on his shoulders. I suppose you've got your clerks thinking big thoughts too?"

He assured me that his clerks were devoted to Service and that Marmeduke Diggs made an inspirational talk to them once every week.

**T**HINGS ran along for awhile without further developments except that I kept an eye on Ben's bank account, and found his balance was constantly inclined to grow slimmer. A story came to me one day that gave an idea of why it was getting that way.

It was about old Julius Strobel. I'm not saying old Julius is the most public-spirited citizen in the world, even though he is worth about a million dollars; he usually finds it necessary to take a trip out of town whenever there is a Chamber of Commerce drive on, or whenever the Y. M. C. A. puts on its money-raising campaign. Just the same he does put considerable



money into circulation through his various schemes, and one of the latest of these is a string of rent houses he is putting up out at the end of the Elm street car-line.

Old Julius always acts as his own building contractor, for fear someone will make too much money off him I suppose, and it seems one day he went into the Barton hardware store to get figures on a lot of builders' hardware for his rent houses. It was along toward evening and the day on which Marmeduke Diggs was slated to make his weekly talk on efficiency and service, which probably was the reason the clerk who waited on Old Julius was in a rather grumpy mood, knowing that he would be an hour late getting home to supper. Besides that, the clerk did not know who his customer was, and Julius in his business garb looks more like a superannuated hobo than a financier.

Anyhow, Julius did not get the attention he felt he was entitled to and a scene developed when he asked to see some certain piece of hardware and the clerk told him the article was in the basement and it was too late to get it because the store would be closing in a few minutes. At that old Julius began hopping up and down like a turkey gobbler and pounded the counter with his fist.

"Where's young Barton," he shouted. "I want to see young Barton about this business!"

"Mr. Barton can't be seen at present," said the clerk. "He is in his private office engaged in conference."

This was the strict truth because Ben was at that moment in conference with Marmeduke Diggs fixing up the evening's lecture on efficiency and service.

"Conference my eye!" Old Julius yelled; "I could buy out this one-horse place a dozen times over, and I never had a conference in my life. Do I get to see young Barton, or don't I?"

"You do not," said the clerk.

ONLY the low counter separated the two and Julius, looking for a chance to do something violent, suddenly spied the service badge on the clerk's lapel. He reached over, grabbed it, threw it on the floor and stamped on it several times. On his way out of the place he stopped at the door long enough to fire his parting shot:

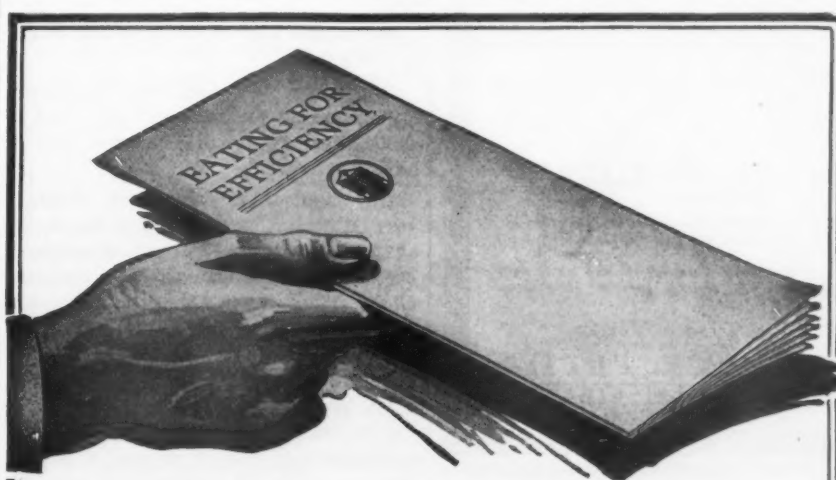
"Take your service motto back to young Barton," he bellowed coarsely, "and tell him from me that he's getting too darn big for his breeches!"

Old Julius did not fail to tell the story around town whenever he could get a listener, which naturally did not do Ben Barton any good. Another incident happened about the same time which, though less dramatic, had a still more serious effect. It appears there

is a traveling man named Gus Winter who has been making Overton for a good many years in the interest of a big Chicago wholesale house, selling goods to the Barton hardware store since Ben was in short pants, and about the time Ben Barton had got his efficiency and service in good working order Winter came to town on one of his selling trips and as usual went to call on Ben. He didn't know anything about the new arrangements and it was quite a shock to him when the young lady at the telephone desk informed him that the salesmen's entrance was on the side street, but if he would give her his

card he might go around to the side entrance and wait, and he would presently be informed if Mr. Barton wished to see him, and if so, when.

Like a good many other good-natured people Winter has considerable of a stubborn streak in him, and when this pronouncement was laid down he said he would neither send in a card or go around to the side entrance. Instead, he remained where he was; and pretty soon Ben came out of his private office. Perhaps Winter was none too diplomatic in the ensuing interview, which he opened by making a low bow and humorously asking when the king would



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be pleased to receive the ambassador from Chicago. To this pleasantry Ben replied that his time for looking at salesmen's samples was from ten to eleven in the morning and as it was already past that hour Mr. Winter would please call the following day.

"Cut out the comedy, Ben," was Winter's rejoinder. "You know I can't wait over a day to see you. When do I bring my catalogs?"

"Tomorrow at ten," said Ben with great firmness.

"Tomorrow at ten I shall be exactly one hundred miles from here," Winter answered, "selling a bill of goods to the Janes-Jenkins Company in Springfield."

Ben looked kind of unhappy but stuck to his guns.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but you know I'm organized for efficiency now and I can't afford to break the rules that I have laid down."

"All right then," answered Winter, very slow but positive, "I'll let it go at that. But let me tell you something. I'm organized for efficiency too, and one of my rules is that when a man doesn't appreciate what is being done for him I don't call on him any more. Maybe you think the favor is all on your side when you buy a bill of goods from me, but it isn't. When my house sends me down here to call on you, it is saving you a lot of trouble and expense that you would have if there weren't any traveling salesmen. You don't seem to think of that, so all I've got to do is to say good-bye."

With that he went away. Ben felt a little bad about it afterward and went over to the hotel to look him up but found Winter had already checked out and gone on the early afternoon train. The ultimate result was a good deal worse than he expected, for a couple of weeks later Ben got a letter from Winter's house stating that it had decided to discontinue business relations with him and to place its line with another firm in Overton. The letter also stated that the house did not wish to push Mr. Barton but it expected to receive a check in full for its back account within thirty days.

This was a body blow to Ben, for Winter's house handled a lot of exclusive stuff and he knew one of his competitors had been after the line for some time. Besides that, Ben didn't have the money to pay the account on short notice. A few days after he got this letter he came over to the bank to lay his troubles before me, nervous and worried and looking as though he had not slept for a week. I couldn't help giving him a mean little nip.

"What do you want to come to me for?" I said. "It seems as though this is a matter to be handled by your business advisor, Mr. Diggs."

"Marmeduke Diggs," answered Ben solemnly, "does not specialize in such things. He only goes in for efficiency and service. Besides, he has left town. I was the only client he had in Overton and he said he couldn't afford to stay here on what I paid him. He has taken a position as professor of economics in some college out West."

"In that case," I said, "perhaps there's some hope. You be at your store tonight after supper and I'll come around for a talk."

THE store was dark when I got there but Ben was waiting inside and let me in when I rattled the front door. We made our way back to his private office without trouble, as the young lady telephone operator was not there, and for the first time I had a chance to see the work shop of a big business man. There was a fine mahogany desk in the exact center of the room, three or four rugs on the floor, and on the walls some pictures of Napoleon, Julius Caesar, and Abraham Lincoln, along with an assortment of inspirational mottoes. The first thing I did was to turn Abraham Lincoln's picture toward the wall, as I hated to see him in such company. Then I sat down in Ben's executive chair and put my feet on the desk, somewhat disarranging the neat pile of paper and other writing materials that had been placed at precise positions. I also happened to kick a paper weight off onto the floor that had the word Service on it, and I didn't bother to pick it up.

"Ben," I began, "you've probably got yourself in a pretty bad jam or you wouldn't have come to me. I'd like to help you out if I can on account of my old-time friendship for your father."

"My father was a good man," answered Ben gently, "but he was not very successful."

"Your father," I contradicted him, "was one of the most successful men who ever lived in Overton. He made a fair living all his life and he had as many friends as any other man in town. He knew what Service was, too. Twenty-five years ago when I was trying to make a living out of a farm out here in the country he staked me to my necessary hardware during two years of drought and never sent me a bill. He wouldn't charge me interest on the account; and now I'd like to make up for it by doing what I can to keep the Barton name over a hardware store in Overton. But first you'll have to cure yourself of this Big Business malady that you seem to be afflicted with."

Ben didn't say anything for a little while but stood looking around sadly at Napoleon and Julius Caesar and his inspiration mottoes. I let him fight it out, and pretty soon he came around

in front of me and stuck out his hand like the boy he was before he got the Big Business-itis malady.

"I guess I've been a good deal of a fool," he said. "Worse than that, I've been sailing under false colors. I've been using the word Service as a mere business catch-phrase, without even stopping to think of its real meaning. Whether or not I get out of the fix I am in, you can depend on it I'll never again be guilty of talking about Service unless I am ready to back it up with genuine action."

"All right then," I said cheerfully, "if I remember correctly your father used to keep ploughs and cultivators and cook stoves in the back end of the store here where this fancy private office is. I'll send a jack-leg carpenter around here in the morning to knock these partitions out for you. Probably you can get half-price for this mahogany desk from some second-hand furniture dealer. You can throw in Napoleon and Julius Caesar and the mottoes for good measure."

The upshot of it all was that Ben did exactly what I suggested and buckled down to real work, which I have always considered another name for Service. I kept pretty close tab on his account at the Bank and found it began to perk up a little, but of course he wasn't out of the woods by any means. I wrote the Chicago wholesale house asking them not to take their line away from Ben without further consideration, and in reply I got a letter saying they would continue to do business with him if he would settle his back account on scheduled time, which was reasonable enough, considering how much behind Ben had got with his payments during the period when he was playing with Marmaduke Diggs and his Efficiency-and-Service operations.

Of course, as president of the Farmers' National I could have gone to Ben and offered to finance him through the crisis, but I wanted definite proof that Ben Barton was cured before I risked any of my depositors' cash on him. Yesterday was the date on which the Chicago draft was to be presented. Ben had been making heroic efforts to get the money together, but it became evident several days ago that he wouldn't be able to meet it in full. I knew he was ashamed to ask me for a loan and I thought a little sweating wouldn't hurt him any. Besides, I had a little scheme to try him out.

It happens that I own a piece of property out by the K. and L. station with an old wooden building on it that is occupied by a Greek called Mike, on account of his real name being unpronounceable, who operates a rather greasy-appearing lunchroom and pool-parlor. I figured Mike could help me

out in the scheme I had in mind, and yesterday morning I put on my hat and went down to see him. Like most tenants, he is always nagging his landlord to spend some money; and for some time he had been telling me he needed a new cookstove which it was probably up to me to buy because I rent him the restaurant furnished. Mike was tickled to death when I said he could have it. I told him that at precisely twelve o'clock he should telephone to the Barton hardware store for his stove, and should demand that it be sent *pronto*. He joyfully agreed to do this and to show his appreciation offered me a little drink out of a bottle he dug out from under the counter, which hospitality I declined.

On the way back uptown I hunted up a colored individual named Earl who does odd jobs of hauling with a roan mule harnessed mainly with pieces of rope, and on old nondescript wagon with all four wheels whopperjawed. On account of having already earned seventy-five cents Earl was not keen for work when I located him back of the City Livery Stable, but when I slipped him a dollar he agreed to have his rig in front of Ben Barton's store at noon. Just before that hour I dropped into Ben's place; I knew it was his regular delivery man's lunch time.

AS I expected, Ben was worrying over the Chicago draft, as he still lacked several hundred dollars of enough in bank to take care of it, and was going feverishly over his ledger like we all do at such times to see if there wasn't some account he might make a last-minute collection from to tide him over. I hadn't been there but a few minutes when the phone rang; Ben answered it and from the conversation I knew Mike was on the other end of the line. Ben cupped his hand over the phone and turned to me.

"There's a fellow who runs a lunchroom," he said, "who wants a cook stove delivered right away. He says you know about it."

"If it's Greek Mike," I answered, "the order is O. K. That big six grid-dled stove in the back there will be just about what he wants. You'd better rush it down to him as quick as you can. I know he needs it."

"But my delivery man is out," Ben objected, "and won't be back for an hour."

I glanced out the front door and there, true to his promise, was old Earl sitting in his whopperjawed wagon at the curb, he and his mule both looking as though they would rather sleep than work.

"There's a delivery wagon you can get," I said. "Mike is kind of fussy about whom he deals with, so if I were you I'd go myself. If you want a



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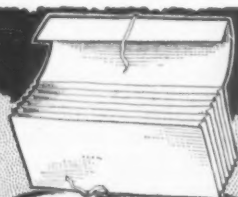
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chance to make good on the Service sign you've got over your door, here's your opportunity."

For perhaps ten seconds Ben hesitated, glancing dubiously at the big iron cookstove and at Earl's rig outside; which ten seconds were probably the most important he will ever go through in his business career.

"All right," he said into the phone at last, "I'll have it down there right away. Yes, I'll bring plenty of stove pipe."

He went to the front door and beckoned old Earl, who crawled off his wagon and slouched into the store with his well-known limp that no one has ever been able to learn whether it comes from a physical defect or from natural shiftlessness. Between them they started to get the stove out on to the sidewalk, when I saw a chance to add an artistic little touch to the proceedings. On a hook at the back of the place there hung a pair of dirty blue overalls and a torn straw hat that belonged to Ben's own porter. I grabbed these garments and shoved them at Ben.

"Better put these things on," I said. "Efficiency demands that one dress according to the work one is doing!"

Five minutes later they were on their way, old Earl sitting pompously on the driver's seat, while in back stood Ben in his porter's overalls and straw hat, earnestly engaged in preventing a large cookstove and about thirty feet of stove pipe from falling out of the whopper-jawed nondescript wagon. It was Overton's busiest hour; I estimate about ten thousand people had a chance to see the former Big Business man in his new role.

I had told Ben to stop by the Bank on his way back from Mike's place to get his money for the stove. I was there to meet him when he arrived,

still in his funny clothes and pretty well covered with soot from his labors. I gave him a check for the stove and then asked him casually if he was prepared to take up the draft from Chicago that had been sent to us for collection. Even the soot that covered his face could not hide his worry when he answered that he was not, but if we could manage to hold the draft a couple of days—

"No, we don't hold drafts for anyone," I interrupted him; "if you want to keep your credit good you'd better pay it today."

He gave me a look like that of a whipped dog and turned to go away without a word. I called him back and handed him a blank note and my fountain pen.

"We don't hold drafts for anyone," I repeated, "but sometimes we help out a man who convinces us he is doing his best. If you will attach your signature to this piece of paper I think maybe our cashier will take care of the draft for you!"

When President Thad Hammond had finished his story he looked around at the men of the membership committee in the wheedling way he has when he is particularly interested in putting something over. "I've deprived the boy of all his pleasure in playing Big Business man," he said, "and it seems I ought to try and make it up to him some way. He's a good boy, and he's learned the difference between real and imitation service in business. Now if by any chance he could get into the Rotary Club—"

By unanimous consent Bennett Barton's name went on the ballot. He was elected to membership in the Club a week later. This was more than a year ago, and today there is no more dependable Rotarian in Overton than Ben Barton.

## "Ain't Got Time!"

(Continued from page 14)

rounded just like a banana; and he could no more stand upright than an ironwood boomerang can straighten itself. He often reached his work bench at seven in the morning and he usually worked late into the night, a smoky kerosene lamp hanging down from the ceiling with a silvered glass mirror that he could adjust so as to throw the beams where he wanted them. If you have ever seen one of these old shoemakers, his mouth full of square shoe pegs, jabbing in his awl, sticking a peg in the hole, whacking it with the hammer, jabbing with the awl again, you'll never forget the picture. Or waxing the long linen thread with a scarred ball of beeswax, twisting onto the end

the boar's bristle that was used for a needle and then, with both arms flying wide, sewing double—one thread from each side—like a man who will be fined a million dollars if he loses a minute.

He had a sewing machine—machinery was already beginning to save minutes for him—and at some place during a job he would get up and go to the machine and swear at it in fervent low-voiced German. "Ach! Gotterdammerung lohengrin hohlenlohe specht-noodle!" he would say as he poked the thread at the eye of the needle, his hand trembling with rage as he knew he was losing a minute.

Now, probably, our shoes are made by men who work under an eight-hour-

day sale, and everybody still has shoes to wear. Six hours—360 minutes a day, 108,000 minutes a year, 5,400,000 minutes in a 50-year life—have been given to the shoemaker by machinery that saves time. What is done with the saved time?

For one thing, I believe, those who work do not have to work as hard as they did. Quite a lot of the time is given to pleasures; my cobbling friend would never have had time to go to a movie in the evening; Saturday afternoons never meant a baseball game, either as a player or on the bleachers. But a lot of this machine-saved time goes to make life pleasanter for all. I don't know how many old-style cobblers would be needed to shoe this world today, but I do know it would be a lot more than now work in all the shoe factories. The surplus—those not needed to make shoes—are making things like bathtubs and plumbing fixtures, porcelain bathtubs fit for Roman emperors but which every workman has a right to own now and which even the well-to-do did not have in our town in 1878. I took my bath every Saturday night in a tin tub shaped like a saucer, and the hot water came out of the tea-kettle.

Much of the time saved to labor by machinery has gone into the manufacture of comforts and luxuries, and in that America leads the world. Not long ago I had a conversation with one of the greatest French Socialists who had been visiting America—a remarkably fine man. I asked him what he thought of the future of Socialism and Communism in America, and he threw up his hands.

"They will never come here," he said in effect. "They are not needed here. The other day I was in Chicago and I did some investigating. I went to the homes of the workers—bathtubs everywhere, hot and cold water! Imagine! Bathtubs such as but few of even the wealthy have in my country! No chance for Socialism here; it is not needed."

The minutes the time-saving machines have saved for the laborers have been put to work to better the life conditions of laborers, you see. That's good; nobody kicks about that.

Not long ago I was in my home town, out in Iowa, and on Saturday evening in order to hasten to an engagement I had to get off the sidewalk of the main street and walk in the gutter, the crowd was so dense. It was up onto the sidewalk and then dodge into the gutter, and up onto the sidewalk again. And every time I stepped into the gutter I came near to being bumped to Kingdom Come by an automobile—the street was full of them, mostly farmers' cars. I spoke to a local merchant about it and said the

Saturday night trade must have improved immensely in volume since I was home before.

"Don't you believe it!" he said. "We do hardly any business to amount to anything on Saturday nights—not half what we used to do. These people come in on Saturday nights to go to the movies; farmers from five, ten and twenty miles out. No, Saturday has played out as a shopping and marketing day. A farmer, if his wife needs a spool of No. 60 cotton thread and happens to mention it at noon, jumps into his car, runs into town and buys it, and is back home before his lunch hour is over."

Machinery has done that—the automobile, the automatic milker, the farm tractor. The farmer and his wife—she has the washing-machine and all the modern household machinery—read more, get about more among their friends, have more amusements. I believe that within a few years it will be found that the machine called the automobile will have cut down insanity among farm women—it was pretty bad, too—to one-half or less what was formerly thought normal. The automobile not only gets the farmer's wife to her friends and to town, but it saves her the minutes to spend.

OUT in California a man told me that he and his wife, with a ranch some 40 miles from Los Angeles, used to start at daybreak over a sandy road with a team of horses, camp wherever they happened to be when night came, get into Los Angeles some time the next day, do their trading and start back, camp another night on the road, and get home late the next day—three days in all. Now they leave home, make the trip at 30 miles an hour—say an hour and a half—do their trading, and get home inside of four hours. The time saved is something like 32 hours out of what used to be a 36-hour trip. The thanks are primarily due to two machines, the automobile that carries them and the concrete mixer that made the good roads possible.

All this is, of course, trite stuff and you have all doubtless thought the same things many times. Machinery has made a new distribution of human labor activities necessary, and that distribution has taken place more or less gradually and will continue as new machines are invented.

I remember hearing a man in St. Louis, not long after the war, make a crop prediction for Missouri for the year. Some speaker had spoken of the seemingly alarming desertion of the farms. A great many of the young men who had left the farms to go to war were not coming back to the farms but were going to work in factories, and still other men were deserting the

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### Rotary

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Two excellent publications in the Spanish language. La Nota Rotaria is the publication of the clubs in Cuba and Rotary is the publication of the clubs in Spain.

### Il Rotary

This is the publication of the Rotary clubs in Italy, and for any one reading Italian, this will prove to be a very interesting publication.

### Les Rotary Clubs de France

The publication of the Rotary clubs in the Republic of France and a magazine which will be found very interesting to those who are able to read French.

Many Rotarians have children who as part of their school work are studying French, Spanish or Italian. Why not subscribe for one or more of these publications and have the younger members of the family read it and translate it to you?

### Exchange of International Courtesies!

While THE ROTARIAN is particularly the magazine of the Rotary Clubs in the United States, Canada and Newfoundland, there are many Rotarians in all the other 25 countries of Rotary who are subscribers to THE ROTARIAN. It would be a fine international courtesy for many Americans, Canadians or Newfoundlanders to subscribe to these other magazines.

Subscriptions may be sent to International Headquarters whence they will be forwarded to the respective offices of these publications.

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farms to go to work in mills and shops. In spite of this the speaker predicted that Missouri would have the biggest crop she ever had, and he was right. He based his prediction on the theory that very few of the men leaving the farms were actually leaving the farms. They were going to a new part of the farm, but one just as necessary in these days of machinery. Instead of staying in one corner of the farm and raising horses to pull plows they were going to another part of the farm—the tractor factory, for example—and making a machine that would do more and better plowing than the horse ever did.

There is a lot of sense in this idea. It seems to be an actual fact that the more men leave the farms the more the farms produce that human beings can eat. With the tractor taking the place of the horse the hayfield is not needed for hay and can grow potatoes or wheat. By and by, possibly, all the men will leave the farms and the farms will produce so much food that we'll all have to eat six meals a day. But that won't be for quite a while.

What interests me, however, is what you and I have gained by the invention of machines that save minutes for us—the saved minutes of our own personal days, saved by telephones and typewriters and mimeographing machines and all the various machines that assist the man with an office and the man with a shop. At a first glance it may seem that we are not getting a square deal from the inventors of minute-saving machines; that the laborer and the farmer have all the best of it. But I'm not so sure! Even buying a pair of boots used to be a genuine time-waster in your grandfather's day; when all boots had to be made to order there was a lot of fitting and trying on and bargaining about price. A good many minutes a year went into it, and a good many minutes a year went into being measured for shirts and suits and other garments. Time went into walking to and from business where the street car and the automobile now save hours every year. Letters were written in longhand that are now dictated to a stenographer and whacked out on a machine.

We have our share in all the comforts and luxuries made possible by the release of labor from the making of necessities. We think no more of having three bathtubs in a house than we used to think of having a tin basin on the back porch. We are a mighty lucky generation and living in a mighty fortunate age.

Looking about in a casual sort of way I can see you doing a lot of things your fathers and grandfathers could not do because time-saving machines had not reached their present general

use. You may take your membership in Rotary as one of these. If anyone had asked your grandfather merchant to take time from a weekday noon to go to a hotel and eat a full luncheon and then listen to talks he would have wondered if he was suspected of being crazy. Only one out of a thousand merchants had time to do all that was necessary in shop or factory or store in a long hard day. Even the grocer who now reaches out a hand and picks from his shelf a neat package had to spend hours wrapping sugar and oatmeal and salt. A machine now wraps them for him in a factory. The doctor had to spend hours driving his "safe" horse from patient to patient—now he looks at his watch, allows eight minutes by automobile to reach his patient, and attends a Rotary meeting in comfortable leisure. The cog wheel is a fit emblem for Rotary; the invention of machines made Rotary possible.

THERE could be no golf, now the most numerously practiced game in America, had the telephone not saved hours each week for us. There would be no golf courses of the superb American quality—we could not afford them—had someone not invented the mower drawn by horse-power and the motor driven by gasoline. The only pity is that someone did not invent a machine to attach to the man who does his eighteen holes in a neat little 124 so that he could go around in about 80. If that machine had been invented I would not have given up golf for postage-stamp collecting as a vigorous exercise.

But none of this worries me. What does worry me is just where the men are being cheated who, when asked to take part in anything worth while, always answer "Ain't got time!" or words to that effect. I hear this often myself and all of you hear it now and then whether the matter is a game of golf, a little help in the excellent work being done for boys, or any one of the great number of civic, social, and charitable activities.

I'm not going to blame the man who answers "Ain't got time!" as regularly as the clock ticks, because he ought to know whether he has time or not, but I do think that he must be cheated somehow. If his grandfather was in the same business he is in his grandfather probably had to give every moment to his business, and I can understand that—his grandfather had none of the modern time-saving machinery. His grandfather had no telephones, no typewriters, no card systems, and he possibly had to go out in the winter and break the ice in the creek before he could take his bath. If his father was in the same business I can understand why he, too, had to give every



minute to his business or profession. But if the modern business or professional man has no minutes to give to play and sociability and good deeds he is being robbed and he ought to do something about it. Someone else is getting away with the minutes saved for him by time-saving machinery.

As a matter of fact "Ain't got time!" is the poorest excuse extant. It is usually the last refuge of the man who wants to side-step something he doesn't want to do and knows he ought to do. I have used it hundreds of times myself on days when I felt that a nice little snooze on the couch in my library would just about suit me. The "busiest" man in any town is usually the second-hand goods dealer; he never has time for much of anything and you'll usually find him asleep in an old rocking chair with a cobweb reaching from one of his ears to the inert pendulum of a deceased clock nearby and the dust so thick everywhere that a Junebug would drown in it. "Well, I would, but I ain't got time!" is his motto. The minute he wakes up and begins to have a few minutes a week to spare he is out of the second-hand game and becomes a dealer in antiques and people rush to his shop and pay sixty-eight dollars for a joint of second-hand stovepipe of the late McKinley period.

Under the Constitution and By-Laws of the United States every man starts breathing with twenty-four hours a day that are all his own. These are ticked off into minutes right from the start. At first they are divided into periods devoted to sleep, colic and suck-

ing his thumb, but presently he gets into a business or profession. The minute he does that the innumerable time-saving machines begin saving for him minutes his forebears in the same lines could not save. It means, in effect, that any man who knows how to properly organize his day ought to be able to do as much in seven hours a day as his grandfather could possibly do in twelve hours. I believe in every man being more efficient than his grandfather, so I'll say the man ought, perhaps, to work eight hours a day and thus do as much as his grandfather did in fourteen hours. But the rest of the saved time ought to be spent in sport, amusement, good companionship, and general good citizenship.

If that's not so all the machinery in the world don't amount to a cent to you. It might as well be scrapped. We might as well go back to the old days when wife boiled the soft soap in the iron kettle in the back yard and you whittled the point of a quill pen with a desk knife, sprinkled sand on your letters and sealed them with wafers.

The man who, today, has to say "Ain't got time!" is right in the class with the man who says "Ain't got money!" He's poor and we ought to feel sorry for him. That man gets the best out of life who always has a few spare dollars in his pocket and a few spare minutes in his hour. Of the two the latter has all the best of it. Nearly all of us can spend a few spare dollars, but, oh, boy! how the worth-while fellows do welcome the man who has a few spare minutes to spend!

## The Simple Mind

(Continued from page 11)

He didn't go up to them at all as though they were an automobile or a buzz saw, and I thought:

"Well, maybe the fellow ain't a hobo after all if he can make up to a horse."

And he certainly could. He was one of the handiest men with a horse I ever saw.

"Where'd you learn about horses?" I asked him once.

"Oh, west," he managed to get out after a while with that flapping gesture as though it didn't matter.

Apparently nothing did matter to him. Except for the horses he didn't seem to care much for anything or anybody; and he was just as independent as a porcupine in a hard-wood stump. He knocked a couple of the work-gang down once or twice, in the most impersonal way, before they learned that he could take care of himself A-1. After that he got on with

the men first rate because he minded his own business and didn't make friends or enemies.

His mind seemed to be off somewhere else most of the time and he appeared to be doing a good deal of thinking. I know I used to see him, now and then, stop his team in the road, and sit, with his big loose back all hunched up, gazing off across the fields to where men were plowing. A sort of wistful look would come over his eyes and then he'd give a start and drive on. I couldn't help but get interested in him because he was different from any man I'd ever had work for me. He didn't care a darn for anything and he sure did seem sure of himself. It didn't hit you the way it does with most men; he wasn't fresh about it, and he didn't claim to do a lot of things better than anybody else. But if he wanted anything, why he went right after it; and that was all there was to it. Some-



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times I thought he got away with things because he kept his mouth so shut. That helps. And he talked about as fluently as a telegraph pole. But there was something more to it than that. I guess, perhaps, it was because he had a simple mind and went right straight to a thing without running around behind it and digging underneath it the way a lot of us do.

Here's what I mean: He'd been with us about two weeks when, one day, he came up to me and says:

"Say, you better make me boss of these teamsters."

I drew in a long breath and asked him, "What makes you think that?"

"Mulvany's no good. You better do all your hauling by truck, or else get somebody that knows."

"Don't you think Bonner better make you superintendent?"

"Too much responsibility," he told me, "don't want to be."

What would you have said to a man like that?

I said, "All right, you be boss of teamsters," and I thought Mulvany would save me all further trouble, and there'd be one less man in camp when he got through with Dan Tompkins.

But I was wrong again. Mulvany came around that night lookin' like black thunder.

"Hear Dan's got my job," he growled.

"Did he tell you?" I asked.

"Sure, he did."

"Well, don't you think it's a good thing?"

"Sure, I do."

"Did he tell you that, too?"

"Sure."

"Well, then, what's the trouble?"

He scratched his head, looking blacker and blacker.

"Say, I want to drive one of them trucks," he got out. "I been a truck driver till I come up here. I like a truck. Hate them damn horses; always bitin' at yuh."

"Did Dan tell you that, too?"

"Say, what's the idea? Do I get it or don't I?"

"I want a truck driver bad. You start tomorrow morning," I said, so he would go away quickly and let me think.

And that was Dan Tompkins, a lean, lanky piece of rubber hose, who packed an awful wallop, had far-away eyes, and a chin that took him right straight where he wanted to go.

I set him, with two or three teams, to drawin' gravel out of Ephraim Sanders' gravel pit. That was the middle of May.

I WATCHED him through June and July, and he got brown and hard and I began to notice that he was taking more interest in things. He'd begun to stiffen up, his eyes lost their emptiness,

and he commenced to everlastingly hump himself at the work. He was worth two or three ordinary men and I was pleased. It seemed as though I'd sort of done it myself.

One day down at the New Woodstock station I said something like that to Allen. Tompkins was unloading a concrete mixer off a flat car; and he was a pretty fine lookin' boy, there in the sunshine, with his hat pushed back and the sweat running down his brown face.

"You ought to have seen that fellow when I hired him," I said, and told Allen about the day Dan dropped off the freight. "That's what hard work in the sun'll do for a fellow. Makes men of 'em, don't it?"

I sort of gave myself a slap on the back and waited for Allen to say something. But he didn't; just kept chewing tobacco with a funny look in his eyes.

"Well, how about it?" I said.

"Huh!" he answered. "You think so?"

"I sure do," I told him.

"You're a pretty smart contractor, ain't you?"

"Well, I ought to know something about men."

He shifted his chew around and chuckled, "Funny you don't. 'Workin' in the hot sun'—Huh!" and he laughed right out.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Oh, nothin'. Only I guess you don't keep much track of your men."

Now, that's one thing I do do, and I told him so. "Don't you worry about my men," I said. "I look after them pretty careful."

"I ain't worried 'bout any 'em 'cept this Tompkins. That boy's gettin' into trouble; but it's none of my business." And with that he went back into the station, and I couldn't get another word out of him.

What he meant I couldn't imagine. I couldn't think of a thing wrong with Dan Tompkins. He went to the village a good deal nights, but he always came back sober. He seemed like a pretty steady boy to me.

I kept thinking about what Allen had said, and, though I didn't take much stock in it, I kept my eyes open; and pretty soon I began to see things. And hear things, too. But I didn't believe them. It just seemed impossible. I made a special trip to town to see Allen.

"But," I said to him, "you've seen the girl. No man in his right mind would be running after her. Why, she's—"

"Say," he interrupted me, "you always seem to be a lap behind. Have you seen her lately?"

"Never saw her but once in my life."

"Well, don't talk so much till you

see her again. It's funny what havin' somebody care about 'em 'll do for a woman. Emily Sanders never had a chance before."

"Well, I guess it ain't very serious."

"Looks serious to me either way," he said. "If he don't mean business it'll be pretty terrible for her. It'll be worse than it was before. And if he does mean business it'd be just as bad."

"Why's that?"

"Eph."

"What's he got to do with it?"

"You ain't been around here long, and you don't know Eph Sanders."

"I've heard some things."

"You ain't heard half. Eph Sanders has broke a lot of men—and women, too. Seems as though he'd taken lessons from the devil; and he won't stop at nothin'. He's rarin' mad about this. It's hurt his pride havin' a teamster make up to his daughter; and more'n that, he don't want to let her go. She's cheap help."

I thought of the green lights in Ephraim Sanders' eyes.

"What can he do?" I asked.

"He'll find somethin' to do. He'll break her if he can't get at the boy."

"You know Tompkins isn't any weak sister," I reminded him. "He's pretty sure of himself."

"That's all right, but you don't know what folks like Sanders are. Religion, or what they think is religion, has done something to 'em. If it wan't religion it 'ud be somethin' else. They ain't like other people. I can't just express what I mean, but they ain't."

For a moment I seemed to see Sanders' face all torn and twisted with the light on it.

"Maybe there's something in that," I admitted. "I'll talk to Dan."

"You better."

We left it there and I went home. The whole thing made me feel kind of uneasy. I knew what these fellows were that dropped off freights and I had some idea what men like Ephraim Sanders were like. I kept seeing the eyes of that Sanders girl as they looked up at me from under her old hat. They seemed to be pleading with me to do something.

So, before supper that night, I got Dan over to my place and started to give him some fatherly advice.

"Say, what do you think you're trying to do?" I asked him straight out.

Most boys would have hemmed and hawed and wanted to know what I meant, but he didn't. He just gave that vague flap with one of his fins and answered, "Git married."

I opened and shut my mouth a couple of times. It's kind of hard to talk to a man when he's so darn direct as that. But I had to go on, so I told him:

"You're hornin' into a lot of trouble, I suppose you know."

His face twisted into a grin and he said, "Who with?"

"The old man!"

"Him?" he grinned.

"Yes, him."

It made me sore, he was so cockey. I couldn't help thinking of that girl's scared eyes and what everybody in the neighborhood said about Eph.

"You ain't lived as long as you will sometime," I said. "Now let me give you some advice. If you love this girl, marry her and clear out of here just as quick as you can."

"Run?" he asked, slow, and give that foolish grin again.

It made me hot. "All right," I told him, "you know it all! Go ahead; stick around! Pick a row with Dad, and maybe throw the whole ball game."

"That ain't exactly my idea."

"Oh, it ain't, ain't it!"

"No," said he, "it ain't. I figure you can handle most any man if you git at him right."

"You're talking about men. Sanders is a lunatic."

"Mebbe he's got a delusion."

"You're the one that's got the delusion. You better get rid of it and think about Emily."

"I ain't thought of nothin' else for months," he answered, and his voice got husky. "Now listen, boss! I been thinkin' about her all the time. Seems to me a man's assumin' a good deal of responsibility havin' a girl break away from her folks. A girl that marries a fellow like me with nothin' but his two hands don't have no picnic. Seems to me Emily ought to git some pleasure out of this farm where she's worked herself to death. If I could only git old Ephraim straightened out, why, it might be a lot better for her."

"Sure," said I—"If!" But how you goin' to do it?"

"Oh, I got an idea."

He was the darndest man I ever saw, this Dan Tompkins. I knew he didn't have a chance, and there'd be trouble, and yet he talked so earnest it was hard not to believe him. I tried to find out what his idea was but I couldn't get a thing more out of him. He just grinned and dug up all the dirt around the place with his heel and he seemed a good deal relieved when he heard 'em bawlin' out that grub was ready and he could get away.

It was a hot, sultry night, that night.

Off on the hills the wind was whimperin' like a lost dog and thunder kept rollin' away in the distance. I had my supper and tried to settle down to work, for I had the weekly reports to get out for the office. I was all alone and it was quiet except for the noise of an accordion over in the bunk house and every

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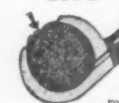


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now and then a roar of laughter. It ought to have been a good time to work, but, somehow, Dan Tompkins and the Sanders girl's faces kept jumpin' around among the figures. I'll bet I lit my pipe two dozen times. The thunder kept creeping nearer and nearer and the air got closer. I wished it would rain and get it over with. You know how hard it is to work when you're waiting for something. I couldn't seem to settle down. When the rain came I was glad. It was as though somebody was sloshing great buckets of water over the house. It made such a racket that I hardly heard that knock on the door. For some reason—the storm most likely—I went right up out of my chair. It made me sore to feel like that and I guess my voice showed it when I yelled:

"Come in!"

The light from the old hangin' lamp we had went pouring out as the door opened and I suppose it was the dark outside that made that girl's face look so white. It seemed wedged in the crack of the door, and I remember rain dripping from the brim of her hat.

My pipe went—bang!—down on the floor.

The door creaked as she shut it behind her and stood there with her back to it, her fingers twitching at a button on her dress as though it was hard to breathe, and those great black eyes of hers staring out of her scared face.

I managed to get out a pretty weak, "Why—Miss Sanders—" and made a dive for a chair for her, but she didn't seem to hear—just stood by the door breathing.

Why I'd ever thought she was a flat slab of a girl I don't know. As she stood there, with her wet clothes plastered tight against her and those great dark eyes shining, she didn't look plain at all. I should say not. Her lips were half open, the color was fighting to come back into her face, and she was anything in this world but shapeless. She was just a different girl, that's all, from the one I'd seen in April. There was something about her that pulled you; something more than her lips and eyes; something inside her. It came across me that she looked as though a fire had been started and lights lit in an empty house.

"You're wet through," I said.

"It commenced to rain after I'd started," she explained quickly in that husky voice. "I suppose I shouldn't have come, but I didn't know what to do."

"Why, I'm glad you did. What's the matter?"

"It's Dan. He's down to our house with Pa and I'm scared." She swallowed two or three times. "I don't

know what'll happen with them there together. I told Dan not to do it. To let Pa be. But you know how Dan is; you can't stop him." A gleam of pride came into her voice as she said that.

"No, Dan ain't easy to handle," I admitted.

"No, he ain't. I've kept him away from Pa for a good while, but I can't any longer. He says we got to have an understandin'. But he don't know Pa."

Her voice went down to a whisper and her eyes fluttered.

"If anything happened to Dan—" she said.

Somehow, the way she said that got me. She might have talked an hour without making you feel what she meant the way that did. There was something about the way the terror sprang into her eyes at the thought of anything happening to him, which made you feel that it was about life and death with her.

"Well, I guess nothing will happen to Dan Tompkins," I said. "He's able to take care of himself A-1."

"You don't know Pa," she repeated, shivering.

"What do you want me to do?"

"I thought if you'd just come down to the house without lettin' 'em know I'd been here. If you could just drop in casual, and get Dan away."

"Why, sure I will."

She smiled then, a wet sort of thankful smile; and I'd have gone down and killed her old man if she'd asked me to.

"Haden't we better wait till the rain lets up some?" I suggested, hoping she'd stay a little longer. I liked having her there.

"I'd rather go right now if you can stand gettin' wet. I'm soaked anyway, I don't mind."

I almost told her that, the way it made her look, I shouldn't think she would mind. There aren't many women who can stand being around with wet clothes sticking to them, but she could. I guess it was partly because she was so unconscious of herself.

I said, "All right!" and got out a slicker for her and one for me.

We didn't talk much in the flivver, jouncing down through the rain. She felt soft and almost warm as she jolted against me every now and then. There's something intimate about being alone in the black rain; and I thought what a fool I'd been not to have a little imagination about Emily Sanders when I first saw her. Things might have been a good deal different if I had.

We got down to the Sanders' place pretty quick. It's only about a mile and a half. I raced the engine before I shut it off, and stamped up on the side porch, making all the noise I

gald, while she stole up beside me. I made quite a racket.

But the two inside wouldn't have heard anything if there'd been a battery of six-inch guns bombarding the place. I could see through the open window, and there was Eph Sanders with his face looking like a chisel and his voice squeezing between his teeth. It seemed to be a good time for somebody to drop in, for they were both leaning across a table about as un-freely as any two men could be.

"That's what I mean!" Sanders was saying. "A tramp! Get out! And I'll have the law on you if you come around here again insultin' decent folks."

"I guess you don't understand, Deacon," Dan answered, and though he talked just as slow as ever I could see he was having to hang on pretty tight. "I guess you don't understand that I'm going to marry your daughter, and you're going to be agreeable, and everythin'll be nice and pleasant. I've told you I ain't been everythin' I ought to be. I told you about it honest. Since I come back from the War I've sort of gone to pieces. Nothing didn't seem to matter much till I met Emily. Seemed like a man was a fool to try to do anything. But I don't know. Since I met her things look different. We was both kind of lonesome, I guess, and—well—if somebody cares about you why it makes quite a lot of difference. I'm goin' to settle down and go back to farmin'. I told you I was a good farmer 'fore I took to soldierin'. I wouldn't say so if I wasn't. I've told you honest and straight."

I never had heard the boy talk so much, and you couldn't help but see he meant it for his voice shook. Sanders stood it just as long as he could with his face twisting, and his hand running across the slit where his mouth was trying to keep it still. But he couldn't hold on forever.

"Get out—you—you bum!" he yelled.

"Say," Dan cried, "what'll God think of your goin' on this way?"

"Blasphemy!" hollered Sanders and he made a dive across the table for Dan. He didn't look quite human. His mouth kept twisting like a dog's, showing his teeth. I thought first I'd go in, and then I thought I'd wait a minute and see what happened.

It was awful still. The lamp flickered and they just hung there glaring at one another. Then Dan sort of relaxed and gave a laugh that didn't have any fun in it.

I thought he was a fool not to get out before there was trouble, but he just sat back, with his long legs twisted around the chair, and looked at Sanders, which certainly wasn't any pleasant occupation for Eph's face was like nothing I ever seen. It seemed kind of glazed over white and the eyes were

'way back in his head. He had got up and was backin' away from Dan over toward the stove. The way he moved made me think he was after something and, sure enough, his hand reached down and when it come up it had a short iron bar that I guess they used for a poker. Then he started back toward Tompkins.

I heard the girl gasp and start to call out to Dan, but I said "Sssh—" and held her back from goin' in. I didn't want anything serious to happen, but I thought it might do the boy good to see he didn't know it all and that there was times when it was best to take advice.

On Eph came looking about as disagreeable as a man can. He never took his eyes off Dan. I got a feelin' his eyes were green though I was too far away to see. He came right up in front of the boy and pointed to the door with that nasty looking bar.

"Git out of here, you hobo!" he said, and I bet it hurt the words his teeth was so tight shut together.

Tompkins never moved. He didn't even take his hands out of his pockets. He just sat there slumped down in the chair and never took his eyes off Eph's eyes. The water dripping off the porch eaves behind us was all you could hear. Every now and then the old lamp would flicker and make shadows dance around them two there in the middle of the room.

There wasn't anything pleasant about it and why I didn't go in and stop it I can't tell to this day. The girl was pressed up against me and I could feel her breathing in little short breaths.

Eph seemed to tighten up like a bow. He took a step forward and raised the piece of iron. I was ready to jump through the door when Dan spoke.

"Deacon," he says, "don't exert yourself. All them motions is just wasted on me. I know all about you. You're a great big false alarm, a lot of hot air; that's what you are. You wouldn't hurt a good able-bodied cottie if you thought it could turn around and bite you. The only kind of folks you're fierce with is them you know can't fight—women, and men that owe you money. Now with me, why say, you're just like the Guardian Angel 'cause you know if you made a pass at me I'd break the last little bone in your body even if I did have to have a cripple for a father-in-law."

He said all this so slow it seemed as though he'd never get through, and it wasn't so much what he said as the way he said it. I admit I almost yelled right out at the nerve of him. I thought sure the old man would hand him one and I declare I wouldn't have so much blamed him if he had.

But queerly enough Eph just stood



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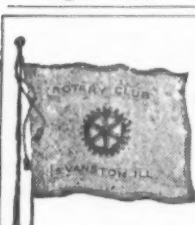
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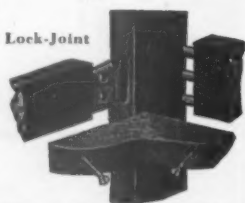
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there brandishin' the bar and never said a word or moved.

Dan went right on: "Maybe I'm wrong, Mr. Sanders, but I think I got your number. You been playin' up kind of crazy for years 'cause you discovered it was a pretty darn good way to keep everybody in the neighborhood scared of you. You found you could roll your eyes and look wild and get 'most anything you wanted. You been doin' that to your women folks; and you been beatin' and abusin' and overworkin' 'em 'cause they couldn't fight back. You got a pretty big bill of cus-sedness to pay up and you're goin' to pay quite a good deal of it right to-night. I don't want to be disrespectful to a man that's older than me and especially one that's goin' to be a close relation. I've tried to be considerate of your feelin's but I guess we got to have a real plain talk. I wouldn't feel I'd done right by Emily if I didn't try to git you straightened out."

He began to unwind himself from the chair then and got up. Eph stepped back, but he kept the bar right where he could use it handy. He acted as though he was kind of dazed and I didn't wonder. Dan Tompkins looked at him thoughtful for a minute and then he went on:

"I've handled a lot of dogs and horses, so I guess I know quite a lot about human nature and I been studyin' you for quite awhile. I found out this: there's one thing you're awful afraid of and that's gettin' hurt yourself. Men like you are most always like that. I made up my mind that's the way to get at you; that's about the only argument you can understand. I always figured you could handle most any man if you got at him right and I guess that's the way to handle you."

Eph Sanders seemed to be dazed still, but he managed to yell, "God forgive me if I forget myself!"

Dan just give him a sour grin.

"God's got so many things to forgive you for already, Deacon, I guess a little more won't matter. You can cut loose just as much as you want to. But there's only just one thing that can save you from gettin' one of the most classy lickings a man ever got."

I wasn't prepared for what Eph said next. "What's that!" he hollered. "What d'you mean!" He almost screamed it out and something was in his voice that hadn't been there before.

Dan pointed to the door that stood open out into the hall. "There's something behind that door," he said, "and I guess you know what it is. I know it's there because Emily told me about it and what you use it for. She didn't want to tell me but I made her. I guess you've used it on her more'n once."

He tried to keep the anger out of his voice but he couldn't. He choked up and had to stop.

I saw Eph Sanders glance over his shoulder at the door.

Dan cleared his throat and went on, "Now what's behind that there door is comin' in pretty handy. It's goin' to git Emily her rights or it's goin' to give you what you deserve."

Eph made a queer noise in his throat and said something I couldn't catch, but Tompkins didn't pay the least attention. Without any hurry he walked over to the door, reached behind it, and when his hand came out it had one of the meanest lookin' whips in it I ever seen. I judged it was one of them heavy whalebone fellows they used to make; and it had been cut off and a short lash spliced onto the end.

Dan looked it over, tapped the butt on the floor and then he cracked it a couple of times and, my gracious, it sounded like a gun goin' off there in the silence. That boy could sure handle a whip. The girl gasped and put her hand over her mouth. I admit I was so wrought up I didn't know whether to go in, or what to do. Mebbe it sounds foolish to tell about, but, there in that room with that smoky yellow lamp mixin' up the shadows, and Eph Sanders standin' over by the table like a mad dog, and Dan crackin' that whip, there wasn't a thing funny about it.

Dan moved a chair back to clear a space and then he said, "Now, Mr. Sanders, here's the proposition. You can give your consent to Emily and me bein' married and you can act decent and right about it and we'll all be friends and live here peaceable together and try to make up to Emily for what she's gone through, or I'm goin' to give you one awful hidin'. There ain't a thing can save you. We're out here in the country all by ourselves and it's late. Now you think it over and say what you want to do."

I've heard a man being choked in a fight and Eph sounded just like that. I couldn't understand what he said but there was a lot about "the law" and "felonious assault" and "self-defense" and "jail."

But Tompkins broke right in on his speech. "Oh, I thought all about goin' to jail. I guess a man can't git a very long term for usin' a horse-whip on anybody that needs it the way you do. Anyway, I got a little money saved up and Emily can live on that while I do time. I won't begrudge the time or the money either."

I tell you, you couldn't faze that boy. He just knew his own mind and that was all there was to it.

"Now decide!" he said, and he took a step forward, and that whip cracked about a foot from Sanders' middle.



It was just as though a hot iron had struck Eph. He shot up in the air and a look crumpled up his face that I just can't describe. He might not have been crazy before but he was now. He was just like a rat in a corner. I saw his hand come back and he let fly the iron bar at Dan.

Things happened fast after that. Tompkins ducked and the glass from an old picture on the wall came down with a crash. There was a dull heavy thud when the bar dropped on the floor.

But the noise that made wasn't anything to the scream Sanders let out when that whip-lash wound around his thighs.

Even in the excitement I realized the boy had him doped right. Pain was one thing he just couldn't stand. That yell told the whole story. The old fool was a physical coward.

He made a jump for the door but Dan was there in front of him. It was the same when he tried to get out to the woodshed. The whip cracked right in front of him. As a matter of fact I don't think he was hit but once. Dan was as cool as could be and I saw he was careful not to hurt him. But every time that crack came it was just the same as though he got it right in the face.

He ended up in the corner by the stove and he was shakin' like a leaf and rubbin' his flanks.

"Well," Tompkins asked, "you made up your mind?"

Eph couldn't hardly speak he was shaking so.

"Tomorrow," he blurted out.

"Tomorrow nothin'," Dan told him. "We're goin' to settle this whole job right tonight. You don't think I'm fool enough to leave Emily here alone with you, do you? If you're goin' to consent, say so and we'll shake hands and git a minister right now, and her and me'll be married."

Well, I guess Eph and the girl and I all gasped at that. This boy was too quick a worker for any of us.

Eph's face was queer to see. He knew he'd met his match and like some men and animals it seemed to have a strange effect on him. He tried to twist and argue but there was something in his tone almost like respect. I declare I can't understand it. Never could. But it's a fact, just the same, that some men are like that.

The whip cracked just once more and then he give in.

"All right," he whimpered, "all right. Only let me be—oh, let me be."

I thought it was about my cue to come on at last, so I whispered to Emily to sneak around to the back and get upstairs that way, and I walked in through the door. I didn't want to

let on we'd seen the whole thing. That was their own business. So I acted as though I'd just been going by.

Dan seemed a good deal relieved. "You're just the man I want, Mc-Ardle," he shouted, and in spite of all his bluff his voice sounded tired. "Mr. Sanders and me has just fixed it up for Emily and me to git married. We want to do it right now. You git a minister, will you?"

"You don't mean tonight?" I lied.

"Sure tonight, now, right away; make it snappy.

"All right! All right!" I said, and beat it as fast as I could.

I had an awful argument with the Methodist minister, but the way I was feelin' I'd have give him a lickin' if he hadn't come, and I guess he realized it, finally.

It was the queerest wedding I'll ever see—there with that smoky lamp, and us both watchin' Eph every minute for fear he'd welch. But he didn't. He acted kind of hypnotized.

I declare, I was a little myself. It was too fast for me. About all I remember was the lamp smokin' and the way Emily Sanders looked at that Dan Tompkins as though he was some kind of a god.

When I got home, finally, I sat and smoked my pipe for a good while trying to figger it out. And the conclusion I come to was that it was just because that Tompkins had a simple sort of mind. He wasn't bothered by all the rules and stuff that most of us is. When he wanted a thing he went right straight after it. I guess that was it. Anyway it's the only explanation I've got.

Just between you and me I felt kind of down in the mouth when I went to bed finally. It was sort of lonesome all alone. You see, after all, I'd seen the girl first.

\* \* \*

It was late in the next summer that I took Mr. Bonner up Woodstock way to show him the new road.

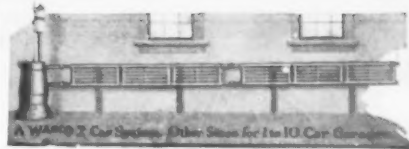
"Some pretty fine farms up here," he said, as we went by the Sanders place.

I didn't answer for I was looking at the place. The big house was all painted white with bright green blinds; there were some bushes around it and flowers in a garden off to one side; a shiny automobile stood by the door. But what I was looking at was a girl in a pink dress who stood by a bar-way. She was lookin' off across a field to where a man was working doubled up like a piece of hose. And just as we went by she waved her hand and he raised up and waved back.

The next I knew Mr. Bonner was yellin' in my ear:

"Hey, McArdle! What the devil's the matter? You'll have us in the ditch."

"I'm a darned old fool!" I said.



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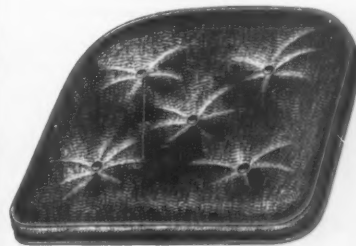
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# Just Among Ourselves—

—And Who's Who in This Number

**D**ICKENS' account of the Circumlocution Office has often been used as ammunition by people who wished to condemn the delays of governmental action. One does not need much insight to perceive that the account might equally well be used to describe the procedure in some business establishments. At the head of such establishments we usually find a man who "cannot see the forest for the trees."

There was an amusing cartoon in an English paper that depicted a child weeping bitterly because the beach was so crowded that he couldn't find the sea! Things almost as obvious as the sea are not infrequently lost sight of because of the multiplicity of persons, documents, and departments that intervene. We've all seen men who were so intent on being the czar of detail that they would waste a whole morning on some matter entirely within the capabilities of their office boy, men who were less approachable than the rulers of empires and less open to suggestion than a statue.

These examples of ingrown pride are fallen trees across the smoothly laid tracks of business. If their deficiencies merely hurt themselves the world might be entirely willing to let the punishment continue—but unfortunately one man's idiosyncrasies make many men trouble. This sort of employer blithely hires a man to do a particular job—but with crushing placidity refuses to let him do it after he is hired. This type of egotism finds in the exercise of authority in one line the excuse for an exercise of rhetoric in any line—no matter how abstruse.

When such involutions encounter the direct methods of men who actually get things done the circumbendibus collapses like a pricked bladder, carrying its author in its fall. Both J. R. Sprague's story and "The Simple Mind," presented this month, show you how the process would work out under certain circumstances.

## Contributors This Month

**Martin H. Knapp** is a native of Syracuse, a graduate of Wesleyan and Syracuse Universities. Although he started business life as a lawyer he has been a manufacturer for the past ten years. A few years ago he wrote a story on a bet—and liked the experience well enough to continue writing.

**Ellis Parker Butler** needs no introduction to Americans—and little to that wider circle where "Pigs Is Pigs" evolved so many chuckles. He is one of the most prolific humor writers of the day.

**Hart I. Seely** of Waverly, N. Y., is now the second vice-president of Rotary International. Last year he served as chairman of the Boys Work Committee. His deep interest in boys work is of long standing and is accompanied by the sincere desire to translate interest into practical benefits.

**Arthur Melville** was born in England but has been writing for American papers for seven years. He has contributed many articles and editorials to "The Rotarian" and one of his own hobbies is the writing of verse which occasionally appears in this and other magazines.

**Charles St. John** is one of our regular contributors, and is at present living in Chicago. Among his own heresies he lists (1) a belief that beauty is an essential part of intellect, (2) a vigorous dislike of bowler hats.

**J. R. Sprague** is another name familiar to our readers. He is a past president of the Rotary club of San Antonio and now lives in New York. His business experience includes the proprietorship of a retail jewelry establishment.

**A. L. Brown** who tells you "All Is Well—Go Ahead" is a salesman; his home is in Greeneville, Tenn.

Verse in this number is contributed by **Marco Morrow**, of Topeka, Kansas, advertising director of a number of well-known publications; and by **William A. Caldwell** of Berkeley, Cal., principal of a school for the deaf.



Martin Knapp, Author of "The Simple Mind."

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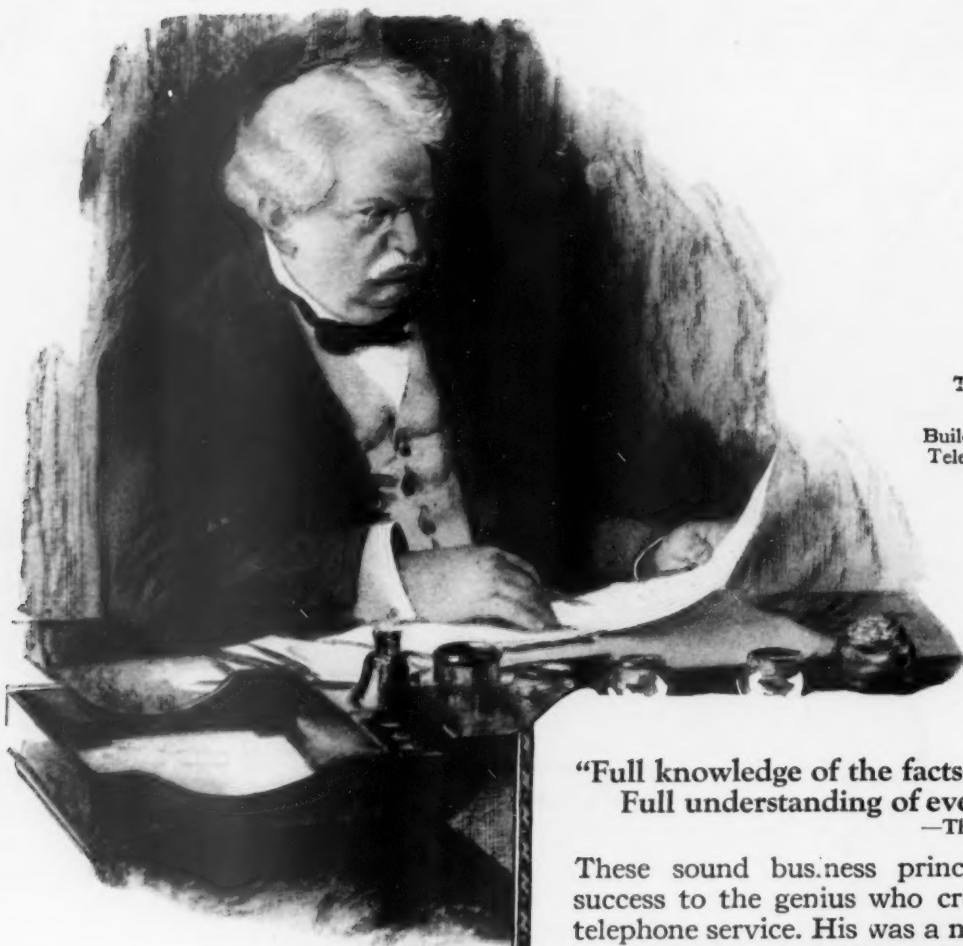
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